

Acton, d. 50. 1169

THE PLEASANT
HISTORY
O F

JOHN WINCHOMB

In his younger years called

82.
11 Jack of Newbery,

The Famous and Worthy

CLOTHIER of *England*;

Declaring his Life and Love: Together
with his Charitable Deeds and great Hospitalities. And
how he set continually Five Hundred Poor People at
Work, to the great Benefit of the Common-wealth:
Worthy to be read and regarded.

The Fifteenth Edition Corrected and Enlarged, by T. D.

Haud curo invidiam.

Licensed and Entred according to Order.

LONDON: Printed for Chas. Tracy, at the Three
Bibles on *London-Bridge*.

THE PLEASANT

STORY

JOHN WINSTON

Jack of Newbery

12:21

CLOTHIER OF NEWBERY

Johnnie and his dog
with his dog and his dog
how he for himself and his dog
Went to the dog and his dog
Went to the dog and his dog

Illustrated by J.D.

Printed by J.D.

Published by J.D.

LONDON: Published by J.D. at the Time
Printed on London Paper

To all the Famous Cloth-workers of
England, I wish all Happines of Life,
Prosperity, and Brotherly Affection.

Among all Manual Arts used in this Land, none is more Famous for desert, or more beneficial to the Common-wealth, than is the most necessary Art of Clothing. And therefore as the Benefit thereof is great, so are the Professors of the same to be both lov'd and maintain'd. Many Wise M E N therefore, having deeply consider'd the same, most bountifully have bestowed their Gifts for upholding of so excellent a Commodity, which hath been, and yet is the nourishing of many Thousands of poor People. Wherefore, to you most Worthy Clothiers do I dedicate this my rude Work, which hath raised out of the Dust of Forgetfulness a most Famous and Worthy Man, whose Name was John Winchcomb. alias, Jack of Newbery, of whose Life and Love I have briefly written, and in a plain and humble manner, that it may be the better understood of those for whose sakes I took pains to Compile it, that is, for the well-minded Clothiers, that herein they may behold the great Respect and Credit which Men of this Trade have in former time come unto. If therefore it be of you kindly accepted, I have the end of my desire, and think my pains well recompenced: And finding your Gentleness answering my hope, it shall move me shortly to set to your sight the long hidden History of Thomas of Redding, George of Gloucester, Richard of Worcester, and William of Salisbury, with divers others, who were all most notable Members in the Common-wealth of this Land, and Men of great Fame and Dignity. In the mean space I commend you all to the most High God; who ever increase in all Perfection and prosperous Estate, the long Honour'd Trade of English Clothiers.

Yours in all humble Service,

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The most Pleasant and Delectable Hi-
story of *John Winchcomb*, otherwise
called *Jack of Newbery*.

CHAP. I.

Of His Love and Pleasant Life.

IN the Days of King Henry the Eighth, that most Noble and Victorious Prince in the beginning of his Reigne, *John Winchcomb*, a Broad-cloth Weaver, dwelt in *Newbery*, a Town in *Barkshire*, who for that he was a Man of a merry Disposition, and honest Conversation, was wondrous well-beloved of Rich and Poor, especially, because in every place where he came, he would spend his Money with the best, and was not at any time found a Churle of his Parse. Wherefore being so good a Companion, he was called of Old and Young, *Jack of Newbery*, a Man so generally well known in all his Country for his good Fellowship, that he could go into no place but he found Acquaintance: by means whereof, *Jack* could no sooner get a Crown, but straight he found means to spend it, yet had he ever this care, that he would always keep himself in comely and decent Apparel, neither at any time would he be overcome in Drink, but so discreetly behave himself with honest Mirth and pleasant Conceits, that he was every Gentleman's Companion.

After that *Jack* had long led this pleasant Life, being (though he were but Poor) in good Estimation: it was his Master's chance to dye, and his Dame to be a Widow, who was a very comely ancient Woman, and of a reasonable Wealth. Wherefore she, having a good Opinion of her Man *John*, committed unto his Government the guiding of all her Work-folks for the space of three Years together: In which time, she found him so careful and diligent, that all things came forward and prosper'd wondrous well. No Man could entice him



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him from his Business all the Week, by all the entreaty they could use: inſomuch, that in the end ſome of the wild Youths of the Town began to deride and ſcoff at him.

Doubtleſs, quoth one, I doubt ſome Female Spirit hath enchanted Jack to his Treadles, and conjurd him within the compaſs of his Loom, that he can ſit ſo far from you ſay true, quoth Jack, and if you have the leiſure to ſtay till the Charm be done, the ſpace of fix Days and five Nights, you ſhall find me ready to put on my Holy-day Apparel, and on Sunday-morning for your pains, I will give you a Pot of Ale over againſt the May pole. Nay, quoth another, I'll lay my Life, that as the *Salamander* cannot live without the Fire, ſo Jack cannot live without the ſmell of his Miſtriſs's Smock. And I marvel, quoth Jack, that you being of the nature of the Herring, (which ſo ſoon as he is taken out of the Sea, ſtreight dies) can live ſo long with your Noſe out of the Pot. Nay Jack, leave thy jeſting, quoth they, and go along with us, thou ſhalt not ſtay a jor. And becauſe I will not ſtay, nor make you a Lyar, (quoth Jack) I'll keep here ſtill: and ſo farewell.

Thus then they departed, and after they had for half a ſcore times try'd him to this intent, and ſaw he would not be led by their Lure, they left him to his own will. Nevertheless, every Sunday in the Afternoon, and every Holy-day, Jack would keep them company, and be as merry as a Pie, and having ſtill good ſtore of Mony in his Purſe one or other would ever be a harrowing of him, but never could he get one Penny of it again: which when Jack perceiv'd, he would never after carry above Twelve-pence at once in his Purſe, and that being ſpent, he would ſtraight return home merrily, taking his leave of his Company in this ſort.

My Maſters I thank you, 'tis time to pack home,
And he that wants Mony is counted a Mome:
And Twelve-pence a Sunday being ſpent in good Chear,
To fifty two Shillings amounts in the Year,
Enough for a Crafts-man that lives by his Hands;
And he that exceeds it ſhall purchaſe no Lands,
For that I ſpend this Day, I'll work hard to morrow,
For woe is that Party that ſeeketh to borrow.
My Money doth make me full merry to be,
And without my Mony none careth for me:

Therefore

of Jack of Newbery.

*Therefore wanting Money, what should I do here,
But haste home, and thank you all for my good Cheer.*

Thus was *Jack's* good Government and Discretion noted of the best and Substantiallest Men of the Town, so that it wrought his great commendation; and his Dame thought her self not a little blest to have such a Servant, that was so obedient unto her, and so careful for her Profit; for she had neve a Prentice that yielded her more Obedience than he did, or was more dutiful: so that by his good Example he did as much good, as by his diligent Labour and Travel: which his singular Vertue being noted by the Widow, she began to cast very good Countenance to her Man *John*, and to use very much Talk with him in private; and first by way of Communication: she would tell unto him what Suitors she had, and the great Offers they made her, what Gifts they sent her, and the great Affection they bare her, craving his Opinion in the matter.

When *Jack* found the favour to be his Dame's Secretary, he thought it an extraordinary Kindness: and guessing by the Yarn it would prove a good Web, began to question with his Dame in this sort. Although it becometh not me, your Servant, to pry into your Secrets, nor to be busie about matters of your Love: yet, forasmuch as it hath pleased you to use Conference with me in those Causes, I pray you let me entreat you to tell me the Names of those that be your Suitors, and of what Professions they be?

Marry *John* (said she) that you shall, and I pray you take a Cushion and sit down by me. Dame (quoth he) I thank you, but there is no reason I should sit on a Cushion till I have deserv'd it. If thou hast not, thou mightst have done, said she: but faint Soldiers never find favour. *John* reply'd, that makes me indeed to want favour: for I durst not try Maidens, because they seem Coy, nor Wives for fear of their Husbands; nor Widows doubting their disdainfulness. Tush, *John* (quoth she) he that fears and doubts Woman-kind cannot be counted Mankind: and take this for a Principle. All things are not as they seem: but let us leave this, and proceed to our former matter. My first Suitor dwells at *Wallingford*, by Trade a Tanner, a Man of good Wealth, and his Name is *Crafts*, of comely Personage, and very good Behaviour, a Widower, well thought of amongst his Neighbours: he hath proper Land, a fair House, and well-furnish'd,
and

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and never a Child in the World, and he loves me passing well. Why then Dame (quoth *John*) you were best to have him. Is that your Opinion, quoth she? now trust me, so it is not mine. For I find two special Reasons to the contrary: the one is, that he being over-worn in Years makes me over-loath to love him: and the other, that I know one nearer hand.

Believe me Dame (quoth *Jack*) I perceive store is no store, and prof-fered Ware is worse by ten in the hundred than that which is sought: but I pray you who is your second Suitor? *John* (quoth she) it may seem immodesty in me to betray my Lovers Secrets: yet seeing thy Discretion and being perswaded of thy secrecy, I will shew thee: The other is a Man of middle Years, but yet a Batchelor, by Occupation a Taylor, dwelling at *Hungerford*: by report a very good Husband, such a one as hath Crowns good store, and to me he professes much Good-will, for his Person he may please any Woman. Ay, Dame, quoth *John*, because he pleaseth you. Not so, said she, for my Eyes are impartial Judges in that case? and altho' my Opinion may be contrary to others, if his Art deceive not my Eye-sight, he is worthy of a good Wife, both for his Person and Conditions. Then trust me Dame (quoth *John*) forasmuch as you are without doubt of your self that you will prove a good Wife, and so well perswaded of him, I should think you could make no better choice. Truly *John* (quoth she) there is also two reasons that move me not to like of him: the one is, that being so long a Ranger, he would at home be a stranger: and the other, that I like better of one nearer hand; Who is that, quoth *Jack*? Saith she, the third Suitor is the Parson of *Spinbome-land*, who hath a proper Living, he is of a holy Conversation and good Estimation, whose Affection to me is great. No doubt Dame (quoth *John*) you may do wondrous well with him, where you shall have no care but to serve GOD, and to make ready his Meat. O *John* (quoth she) the Flesh and the Spirit agree not; for he will be so bent to his Book, that he will have little mind of his Bed: for a whole Month's studying for a Sermon will make him forget his Wife for a whole Year. Truly Dame (quoth *John*) I must needs speak in his behalf, and the rather, for that he is a Man of the Church, and your near Neighbour to whom (as I guess) you bear the best Affection: I do not think he will be so much bound to his Book, or subject to the Spirit, but that he will remember a woman at home or abroad. Well *John* (quoth she) I wis my Mind is not
that

of *Jack of Newbery.*

that way, for I like better of one nearer hand. No marvel (quoth *Jack*) you are so peremptory, seeing you have so much choice: but I pray you Dame (quoth he) let me know this fortunate Man, that is so highly placed in your favour. *John* (quoth she) they are worthy to know nothing, that cannot keep something: that Man (I tell thee) must go nameless: for he is Lord of my love, and King of my desires: there is neither Tanner, Taylor, nor Parson, may compare with him: his presence is a preservative to my Health, his sweet smiles my Heart's solace, and his words heavenly musick to my Ears. Why then Dame (quoth *John*) for your Body's health, your Heart's joy, and your delight, delay not the time, but entertain him with a kiss, make his Bed next yours, and chop up the match in the Morning. Well, quoth she, I perceive thy consent is quickly got to any, having no care how I am match't, so I be match't: I wis, I wis, I could not let thee go so lightly, being loath that any one should have thee, except I could love her as well as my self. I thank you for your kindness and good-will, good Dame, quoth he: but it is not wisdom for a young Man that can scanty keep himself, to take a Wife: therefore I hold it the best way to lead a single life: for I have heard say, That many Sorrows follow Marriage, especially where Want remains: and besides, it is a hard matter to find a constant Woman: for as young Maids are fickle, so are old Women jealous: the one a Grief too common, the other a Torment intolerable. What *John* (quoth she) consider that Maidens fickleness proceeds of vain Fancies, but old Womens jealousy of super-abounding Love, therefore the more to be born withall. But Dame, quoth he, many are jealous without cause; for it is sufficient for their mistrusting Natures to take exceptions at a shadow, at a word, at a look, at a smile, nay, at the twinkle of an eye, which neither Man nor Woman is able to expel: I know a Woman that was ready to hang her self, for seeing but her Husband's Shirt hang on a Hedge with her maid's Smock. I grant that this fury may haunt some (quoth she) yet there are many others that complain not without just cause. Why is there any cause that should move Jealousy, quoth *John*? I, by St. *Mary*, is there, quoth she: for would it not grieve a Woman (being on every way able to delight her Husband) to see him forsake her, to despise and contemn her, being never so merry as when he is in other Company, sporting abroad from Morning till Noon, and from Noon till Night; and when he comes to Bed, if he

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turn to his Wife, it is in such fullness, and wearisome drowsy lardeness, that it brings rather loathsomeness than any delight: can you then blame a Woman in this case to be angry and displeased? I'll tell you what, among brute Beasts it is a grief intollerable: for I heard my Grandame tell, That the Bell weather of her Flock fancying one of the Ews above the rest, and seeing *Grattis* the Shepherd abusing her in abominable sort (subverting the Law of Nature) could by no means bear the abuse, but watching opportunity for revenge, on a time found the said Shepherd sleeping in the Field, and suddenly ran against him in such violent sort, that by the force of his wreathed Horns, he beat the Brains out of the Shepherd's Head and slew him. If then a Sheep could not endure that injury, think not that Women are so sheepish to suffer it. Believe me (quoth *John*) if every Horn-maker should be so plagued by a Horned-beast, there would be less Horns made in *Nowdery* by many in a Year. But Dame (quoth he) to make an end of this Prattle, because it is an Argument too deep to be discussed between you and I, you shall hear me sing an old Song, and so we will depart to Supper.

A Maiden fair I dare not wed,
For fear to have *Adonis*'s Head.
A Maiden black, is often proud;
A Maiden little, will be loud.
A Maiden that is high of growth,
They say is subject unto sloth.
Thus fair or foul, yea little or tall,
Some Faults remain among them all.
Out of all the Faults that be,
None is so bad as Jealousie,
For Jealousie is fierce and fell,
And burns as hot as fire in Hell.
It breeds suspicion without cause,
And breaks the bonds of Reason's Laws.
To none it is a greater Foe,
Than unto those where it doth grow.
And God keep me both Day and Night,
From that fell, fude, and ugly Spright:
For why, of all the Plagues that be,
The secret Plague is Jealousie.
Therefore I wish all Women kind,
Never to bear a jealous Mind.

Well

of Jack of Newbery.

Well said *John* (quoth she) thy Song is not so true, but thy Voice is as sweet: but seeing the time agrees with our Stomachs, though loth, yet we will give over for this time, and betake our selves to our Suppers. Then calling to the rest of her Servants, they fell to their Meat merrily; and after Supper, the Good-wife went abroad for her recreation, to walk a while with one of her Neighbours. And in the mean space *John* got him up into his Chamber, and there began to meditate on this matter, bethinking with himself what he were best to do: for he well perceiv'd that his Dame's Affection was great towards him: knowing therefore the Woman's Disposition, and withal that her Estate was reasonably good, and considering beside that he should find a House ready furnish'd, Servants ready taught, and all other things for his Trade necessary, he thought it best not to let slip that good occasion, lest he should never come to the like. But again, when he consider'd her Years to be unfitting to his Youth, and that she that sometime had been his Dame would (perhaps) disdain to be govern'd by him that had been her poor Servant, that it should prove but a bad Bargain, doubting many Inconveniences that might grow thereby, he therefore resolv'd to be silent, rather than to proceed further: wherefore he got him streight to Bed, and the next Morning settled himself close to his Business. His Dame coming home, and hearing that her Man was gone to Bed, took that Night but small rest; and early in the Morning hearing him up at his Work, merrily singing, she by and by arose, and in seemly sort attiring her self, she came into the Work-shop and sat her down to make Quills. Quoth *John*, Good morrow Dame, how do you to Day? God-a-mercy *John* (quoth she) even as well as I may: for I was fore troubled in my Dreams, methought two Doves walked together in a Corn-field, the one (as it were) in communication with the other, without regard of picking up any thing to sustain themselves: and after they had with many nods spent some time to their content, they both fell hard with their pretty Bills, to pick up the scattered Corn, left by the weary Reapers Hand. At length (finding themselves satisfied) it chanced another Pigeon lighted in that place, with whom one of the first Pigeons at length kept Company: and after returning to the place where she left her first Companion, perceiving he was not there, she kindly searching up and down the high Scrubbe to find him, lighted at length on a Hog fast asleep, wherewith me thought the poor Dove was so dismay'd,

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may'd, that, presently she fell down in a Trance. I seeing her Legs fall, and her Wings quiver, yielding her self to Death, moved with pity, ran unto her, thinking to take up the Pigeon, me-thought I had in my Hands my own Heart, wherein methought an Arrow stuck so deep, that the Blood trickled down the Shaft, and lay upon the Feathers like the silver pearled Dew on the green Grasse, which made me to weep most bitterly. But presently methought there came one to me crowned like a Queen, who told me my Heart would die, except in time I got some of that sleeping Hog's Grease to heal the wounds thereof. Whereupon I ran in all haste to the Hog, with my Heart bleeding in my Hand, who (me-thought) grunted at me in most churlish sort, and vanished out of my sight. Whereupon coming itraite home, me-thought I found this Hog rustling among my Looms, wherewith I presently awaked suddenly after Mid-night, being all in a Sweat, and very ill: I am sure you could not chuse but hear me groan. Trust me Dame, I heard you not (quoth *John*) I was found asleep. And thus (quoth she) a Woman may die in the Night before you will have the care to see what she ails, or ask what she lacks.

But truly *John* (quoth she) all is one, for if thou shouldst have came, thou couldst not have got in, because my Chamber-door was locked; but while I live, this shall teach me Wit, for henceforth I will have no other Lock but a Latch, till I am marry'd. Then Dame (quoth she) I perceive though you be curious in your choice, at length you will Marry. I truly (quoth she) so thou wilt not hinder me. Who I, quoth *John*? on my Faith Dame, not for an Hundred Pounds, but rather will further to the uttermost of my power. Indeed (quoth she) thou hast no reason to shew any discourtesy to me in that matter, although some of our Neighbours do not stick to say, That I am sure to thee already. If it were so (quoth *John*) there is no cause to deny it, or be ashamed thereof. knowing my self far unworthy of so high a Favour. Well, let this Tale rest (quoth she) and take there thy Quills, for it is time for me to go to Market.

Thus the matter rested for two or three Days; in which space she Daily devised which way she might obtain her desire, which was to Marry her Man. Many things came in her Head, and sundry sleights in her Mind; but none of them did fit her Fancy, so that she became wondrous sad, and as civil as the Nine *Sibyls*; and in this melancholy Humour she continued three Weeks or a Month, till at last it

of Jack of Newbery.

was her luck upon a *Bartholomew Day* (having a Fair in the Town) to spy her Man *Jehn* give a pair of Gloves to a proper Maid for a Fairing, which the Maiden with a bashful Modesty kindly accepted, and requited with a Kiss, which kindled in her an inward Jealousie; but notwithstanding very discreetly she covered it, and closely past along unspy'd of her Man, or the Maid.

She had not gone far, but she met with one of her Suitors, namely the Taylor, who was very fine, and brisk in his Apparel, and needs he would bestow some Wine upon the Widow: and after some faint denial, meeting with a Gossip of hers, to the Tavern they went, which was more courtesy than the Taylor could ever get of her before, shewing her self very pleasant and merry: and finding her in such a pleasing Humour, the Taylor after a new Quart of Wine renewed his old suit: the Widow with patience heard him, and gently answered, That in respect of his great good-will long time born unto her, as also in regard of his gentleness, cost, and courtesy at that time bestowed, she would not flatly deny him. Therefore (quoth she) seeing this is not a place to conclude of such matters, if I may intreat you to come to my poor House on Thursday next, you shall be heartily welcome, and be further satisfied of my Mind: and thus preferring to a touch of her Lips, he paid the shot and departed. The Taylor was scant out of sight, when she met with the Tanner: who altho' he was aged, yet lustily he saluted her, and to the Wine she must, there was no nay. The Widow seeing his importancy, calls her Gossip, and along they walked together. The Old Man called for Wine plenty, and the best cheer in the House: and in hearty manner he bids the Widow welcome. They had not sitten long, but in comes a noise of Musicians in tawny Coats, who (putting off their Caps) asked if they would have any Musick. The Widow answered, No, they were merry enough. Tur, quoth the Old Man, let us hear Good-fellows what you can do, and play me *The Beginning of the World*. Alas, quoth the Widow, you had more need hearken to the ending of the World. Why Widow, quoth he, I tell thee the beginning of the World was the begetting of Children: and if you find me faulty in that occupation, turn me out of the Bed for a Bungler, and then send for the Sexton. He had no sooner spoken the word, but the Parson of *Speen* with his corner Cap pop's in at the Door, who seeing the Widow sitting at the Table, craved pardon, and came in. Quoth she,
for

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for want of the Sexton, here is the Priest, if you need him. Marry (quoth the Tanner) in good time, for by this means we need not go for to be marry'd. Sir, quoth the Parson, I shall do my best in a convenient place. Wherein quoth the Tanner? To wed her my self, quoth the Parson. Nay soft, said the Widow, one Swallow makes not a Summer, nor one meeting a Marriage: as I lighted on you unlookt for, so came I hither unprovided for the purpose. I trust, quoth the Tanner, you came not without your Eyes to see, your Tongue to speak, your Ears to hear, your hands to feel, nor your Legs to go. I brought my Eyes (quoth she) to discern Colours, my Tongue to say No, to Questions I like not, my Ears to discern betwixt Flattery and Friendship, and my Feet to run from such as would wrong me. Why then, quoth the Parson, by your gentle abiding in this place, it is evident there are none but such as you like and love. God forbid I should hate my Friends (quoth the Widow) whom I take all these in this place to be. But there are divers sorts of Love, quoth the Parson. You say true, quoth the Widow: I love your self for your Profession, and my Friend the Tanner for his courtesy and kindness, and the rest for their good Company. Yet (quoth the Parson) for the explaining of your Love, I pray you drink to him you love best in the Company. Why (quoth the Tanner) have you any hope of her Love? Believe me (said the Parson) as much as another. Why then Parson sit down, said the Tanner: for you that are equal with me in desire, shall surely be half with me in the shot: and so Widow on God's name, fulfil the Parson's request. Seeing (quoth the Widow) you are so pleasantly bent, if my courtesy may not breed contention between you, and that I may have the favour to shew my Fancy, I will fulfil your request. Quoth the Parson, I am pleased howsoever it be. And I, quoth the Tanner. Why then (quoth she) with this Cup of Claret-wine and Sugar, I heartily drink to the Minister's Boy. Why is it he you love best, quoth the Parson? I have reason, said she, to like and lovethem best, that will be least offended with my doings. Nay, Widow, quoth they, we meant you should drink to him whom you loved best in the way of Marriage. Quoth the Widow, you should have said so at first: But to tell you my Opinion, it is small discretion for a Woman to disclose her secret affection in an open Assembly: therefore, if to the purpose you speak, let me intreat you both to come home to my House on Thursday next, where you shall be heartily welcome,

of Jack of Newbery.

come, and there be fully resolved of my Mind : And so, with thanks at this time, Ple take my leave. The shor being paid, and the Musicians pleased, they all departed, the Tanner to *Wallingford*, the Parson to *Speen*, and the Widow to her own House : where in her wonted solemnness she settled her self to her business.

Against *Thursday* she dressed her House fine and brave, and set her self in her best Apparel, The Taylor not forgetting his promises, sent to the Widow a good fat Pig, and a Goose. The Parson being as mindful as he, sent to her House a couple of fat Rabbits and a Capon. And the Tanner came himself, and brought a good Shoulder of Mutton, and half a Dozen of Chickens, besides, he brought a good Gallon of Sack, and half a Pound of the best Sugar. The Widow received the good Mear, set her Maid to dress it incontinently, and when Dinner-time drew near, the Table was covered, and every other thing provided in convenient and comely sort.

At length the Guests being come, the Widow had them all heartily welcome. The Priest and the Tanner seeing the Taylor, mused what he made there : The Taylor on the other side, marvelled as much at their presence. Thus looking strangely one at another, at length the Widow came out of the Kitchin, in a fair Train Gown stuck full of silver Pins, a fine white Cap on her Head with cuts of curious Needle-work under the same, and an Apron before her as white as the driven Snow ; then very modestly making courtesy to them all, she requested them to sit down. But by straining courtesy one with another, the Widow with a smiling Countenance, took the Parson by the Hand, saying, Sir, as you stand highest in the Church, so it is meet you should sit highest at the Table : and therefore, I pray you sit down there on the Bench-side. And Sir, said she, to the Tanner, as Age is to be honoured before Youth for their experience, so are they to sit above Batchelors for their gravity : so she set him down on this side the Table over against the Parson. Then coming to the Taylor, she said, Batchelor, though your Lot be the last, your welcome is equal with the first : and seeing your place points out it self, I pray you take a Cushion and sit down. And now (quoth she) to make the Board equal and because it hath been an old Saying, *That three things are to small purpose, if the fourth be away* : if so it may stand with your favour, I will call in a Gossip of mine to supply this void place. With a good-will, quoth they : with that they brought in an Old Woman with
scant

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scant ever a good Tooth in her Head. and placed her right against the Batchelor. Then was the Meat brought to the Board in due order by the Widow's Servants, her Man *John* being chiefeſt Servitor. The Widow ſate down at the Table's end between the Parſon and the Tanner, who in very good ſort carved Meat for them all, her Man *John* waiting at the Table.

After they had ſitten a while, and well refreshed themſelves, the Widow taking a Chryſtal glaſs fill'd with Claret-wine, drank unto the whole Company, and bad them welcome. The Parſon pledged her, and ſo did all the reſt in due order; but ſtill in their Company the Cup paſt over the poor Old Woman's Noſe, inſomuch that the Old Woman (in merry vein) ſpake thus unto the Company: I have had much good Meat among you, but as for the Drink, I can nothing commend it. Alas, good Geſſip (quoth the Widow) I perceive no Man hath drank to thee yet. No truly, quoth the Old Woman, for Church-men have ſo much mind of young Rabbits, Old Men ſuch joy in young Chickens, Batchelors in Pig's fleſh take ſuch delight, that an old Sow, a tough Hen, or a gray Coney are not accepted: and ſo it is ſeen by me, elſe I ſhould have been better remembred. Well, Old Woman, quoth the Parſon, take here the Leg of a Capon to ſtop your Mouth. No, by *St. Anne*, I dare not, quoth ſhe. No! Wherefore ſaid the Parſon? Marry for fear leſt you ſhould go home with a Crutch, quoth ſhe. The Taylor ſaid, then taſte here a piece of Goole. No, God forbid, ſaid the Old Woman, let Goole go to his kind: you have a young ſtomach, eat it your ſelf, and much good it may do your Heart, ſweet Young Man. The Old Woman lacks moſt of her Teeth, quoth the Tanner, and therefore a piece of tender Chick is fitteſt for her. If I did lack as many of my Teeth, quoth the Old Woman, as you lack Points of good Huſbandry, I doubt I ſhould ſtarve before it were long. At this the Widow laugh'd heartily, and the Men were ſtruck into ſuch a dump, that they had not a word to ſay. Dinner being ended, the Widow with the reſt roſe from the Table, and after they had ſitten a pretty while merrily Talking, the Widow called to her Man *John* to bring her a Bowl of freſh Ale, which he did. Then ſaid the Widow: My Maſters, now for your courteſy and coſt, I heartily thank you all: and in requital of all your Favour, Love, and Good-will, I Drink to you, giving you free liberty when you pleaſe to depart. At theſe words her Suitors looked ſo ſowerly

of Jack of Newbery.

one upon another, as if they had been newly champing of Crabs. Which when the Taylor heard, shaking up himself in his new Russet Jerkin, and setting his Hat on one side, he began to speak thus: I trult, sweet Widow (quoth he) you remember to what end my coming hither was to Day. I have long time been a Suitor unto you, and this Day you promised to give me a direct answer. 'Tis true, quoth she, and so I have: for your love I give you thanks, and when you please you may depart. Shall not I have you, said the Taylor? Alas, (quoth the Widow) you come to late. Good Friend (quoth the Tanner) it is manners for Young Men to let their Elders be served before them: to what end should I be here if the Widow should have thee? a flat denial is Meat for a saucy Suitor: but what sayest thou to me, fair Widow, (quoth the Tanner?) Sir, said she, because you are so sharp set, I would wish you as soon as you can to wed. Appoint the time your self, quoth the Tanner. Even as soon (quoth she) as you can get you a Wife, and hope not after me, for I am already promised. Now, Tanner, you may take your place with the Taylor, quoth the Parson, for indeed the Widow is for no Man but my self. Master Parson (quoth she) many have run near the Goal, and yet lost the Game: and I cannot help it though your hope be in vain: besides, Parsons are but newly suffer'd to have Wives, and for my part I will have none of the first Head. VVhat (quoth the Taylor) is your Merriment grown to this reckoning: I never spent a Pig and a Goose to so bad a purpose before: I promise you when I came in, I verily thought that you were invited by the Widow to make her and me sure together, and that the jolly Tanner was brought to be a witness to the Contract, and the Old VVoman fetch't in for the same purpose: else I would never have put up so many dry Bobs from her Hands. And surely, quoth the Tanner, I knowing thee to be a Taylor, did assuredly think that thou wast appointed to come and take measure for our wedding Apparel. But now we are all deceived, quoth the Parson, and therefore as we came Fools, so we may depart hence like Asses. That is, as you interpret the matter, said the VVidow: for I ever doubting that a concluding Answer would breed a jar in the end among you every one, I thought it better to be done at one instant, and in mine own House, than at sundry times, and in common Taverns: And as for the Meat you sent, as it was unrequested of me, so had you your part thereof, and if you think good to take home the

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remainder, prepare your VVallets and you shall have it. Nay, VVidow, quoth they, although we have lost our Labours, we have not altogether lost our Manners: that which you have keep, and God send to us better luck, and to you your Heart's desire: and with that they departed.

The VVidow being glad she was thus rid of her Guests, when her Man *John* and all the rest sat at Supper, she sitting in a Chair by, spake thus unto them: VVell, my Masters, you saw this Day that your poor Dame had her choice of Husbands, if she had list to marry; and such as would have lov'd and maintain'd her like a Woman. 'Tis true, quoth *John*, and I pray God, you have not withstood your best Fortune. Trust me (quoth she) I know not; but if I have, I may thank mine own foolish Fancy.

Thus it past on from *Bartholomew-Tide*, till it was near *Christmas*, at what time the Weather was so wonderful Cold, that all the running Rivers round about the Town were frozen very thick. The Widow being very loth any longer to lye without Company, in a cold VVinter's Night made a great Fire, and sent for her Man *John*: having also a Chair and a Cushion, she made him sit down therein, and sending for a Pint of good Sack, they both went to Supper.

In the end Bed-time coming on, she caused her Maid in a merriment to pluck off his Hose and Shooes, and caused him to be laid in his Master's best Bed, standing in the best Chamber, hung round about with very fair Curtains. *John* being thus preferred, thought himself a Gentleman, and lying soft, after his hard labour, and a good Supper, quickly fell asleep.

About Midnight, the VVidow being cold on her Feet, crept in to her Man's Bed to warm them. *John* feeling one lift up the Cloaths, ask'd who was there? O good *John*, it is I, quoth the VVidow, the Night is so extream cold, and my Chamber VValls so thin, that I am like to be starved in my Bed: wherefore, rather than I would any way hazard my Health, I thought it much better to come hither to try your courtesy, and to have a little room beside you.

John, being a kind Young Man, would not say her nay; and so they spent the rest of the Night both together in one Bed. In the Morning betime she rose up and made her self ready, and willed her Man *John* to run and fetch her a Link with all speed: for, quoth she, I have earnest business to do this Morning. Her Man did so. Which
done.

of Jack of Newbery.

done, she made him to carry the Link before her until she came to St. Bartholomew's Chappel, where Sir John the Priest, with the Clerk and Sexton, were waiting for her. John, quoth she, turn into the Chappel, for before I go further, I will make my Prayers to St. Bartholomew, so shall I speed the better in my Business. When they were come in, the Priest, according to his order, came to her, and asked, Where the Bridegroom was? (Quoth she) I thought he had been here before me. Sir (quoth she) I will sit down and say over my Beads, and by that time he will come. John mused at this matter to see that his Dame should so suddenly be married, and he hearing nothing thereof before. The Widow rising from her Prayers, the Priest told her that the Bridegroom was not yet come. Is it true, quoth the Widow? I promise you I will stay no longer for him, if he were so good as George a Green, and therefore dispatch, quoth she, and marry me to my Man John. Why Dame, quoth he, you do but jest I trow. John (quoth she) I jest not: for I mean it shall be, and stand not strangely, but remember that you did promise me on your Faith, not to hinder me, when I came to the Church to be married, but rather to set it forward: Therefore set your Link aside, and give me your Hand, for none but you shall be my Husband. John seeing no remedy, consented, because he saw the matter could not otherwise be amended; and married they were presently. When they were come home, John entertain'd his Dame with a kiss: which the other Servants seeing, thought him somewhat sawcy. The Widow caused the best Cheer in the House to be set on the Table, and to Breakfast they went, causing her new Husband to be set in a Chair at the Table's end, with a fair Napkin laid on his Trencher: then she called out the rest of her Servants, willing them to sit down and take part of their good Cheer. They wondering to see their Fellow John sit at the Table's end in their old Master's Chair, began heartily to smile, and then openly laughed at the matter, specially because their Dame so kindly sat by his side, which she perceiving, asked if that were all the manners they could shew before their Master? I tell you (quoth she) he is my Husband; for this Morning we were Married, and therefore henceforward look you acknowledge your Duty towards him. The Folks look'd one upon another, marvelling at this strange News. Which when John perceiv'd, he said: My Master's, muse not at all: for although by God's Providence, and your Dame's Favour, I am preferred from

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being your Fellow, to be your Master; I am not thereby so much puffed up in Pride, that any way I will forget my former estate: Notwithstanding seeing I am now to hold the Place of a Master, it shall be Wisdom in you to forget what I was, and to take me as I am; and in doing your diligence, you shall have no cause to repent that God made me your Master. The Servants hearing this, as also knowing his good Government before time, past their Years with him in dutiful manner.

The next Day the report was all over the Town, that *Jack of Newbery* had married his Dame: so that when the Woman walked abroad, every one had God give her joy: some said that she was match't to her sorrow: saying, That so lusty a Young Man as he, would never love her being so ancient. VVhereupon the VVoman made answer, That she would take him down in his VVedding-shoes, and would try his Patience in the prime of his Lustiness: VVhereupon many of her Gossips did likewise encourage her. Every Day therefore for the space of a Month after she was married, it was her ordinary Custom to go forth in the Morning among her Gossips and Acquaintance to make merry, and not return home till Night, without any regard of her Household. Of which at her coming home, her Husband did very oftentimes admonish her in very gentle sort, shewing what great Inconvenience would grow thereby: the which sometimes she would take in gentle part, and sometimes in disdain, saying:

I am now in very good case, that he which was my Servant but the other Day, will now be my Master: this it is for a VVoman to make her Foot her Head. The Day hath been when I might have gone forth when I would, and come in again when it had pleased me, without controlment: and now I must be subject to every Jack's check. I am sure (quoth she) that by my gadding abroad, and careless spending, I waste my Goods of thine, I pitying thy Poverty made thee a Man, and Master of the House, but not to the end I should become thy Slave; I scorn, I tell thee true that such a Youngling as thy self should correct my Conceit, and give me Instructions, as if I were not able to guide my self: but yfaith, yfaith, you shall not use me like a Babe, nor bridle me like an Ass: and seeing my going abroad grieves thee, where I have gone forth one Day, I will go abroad three; and for one Hour, I will stay five. Well (quoth her Husband) I trust you will be better advised: and with that he went from her about his business, leaving her sweating in her lustian Furies.

Thus

of Jack of Newbery.

Thus the time past on, till on a certain Day, she had been abroad in her wonted manner, and staying forth very late, he shut the Doors and went to Bed. About Midnight she comes to the Door, and knocks to come in: to whom he looking out of the Window, answered in this sort:

What? is it you that keep such a knocking? I pray you get hence, and request the Constable to provide you a Bed, for this Night you shall have no Lodging here. I hope, quoth she, you will not shut me out of Doors like a Dog, nor let me lye in the Streets like a Strumpet. Whether like a Dog or a Drab, quoth he, all is one to me, knowing no reason but that as you have stayed out all Day for your delight, so you may lye forth all Night for my pleasure. Both Birds and Beasts, at the Night's approach prepare to their rest, and observe a convenient time to return to their Habitation. Look but upon the poor Spider, the Frog, the Fly, and every other silly Worm, and you shall see all these observe time to return to their home; and if you, being a Woman, will not do the like, content your self to bear the brunt of your own folly, and so farewell.

The Woman hearing this, made piteous moan, and in very humble sort intreated him to let her in, and to pardon this offence, and while she lived, vowed never to do the like. Her Husband at length being moved with pity towards her, slipped on his Shooes, and came down in his Shirt: the Door being opened, in she went quaking, and as he was about to lock it again, in very sorrowful manner she said, Alack, Husband, what hap have I? My wedding Ring was even now in my Hand, and I have let it fall about the Door, good sweet *John* come forth with the Candle, and help me to seek it. The Man immediately did so, and while he sought for that which was not there to be found, she whipt into the House, and quickly clapping to the Door, she lock't her Husband out. He stood knocking with the Candle in his Hand to come in but she made as if she heard nor. Anon she went up into her Chamber, and carried the Key with her: but when he saw she would not answer, he presently began to knock as loud as he could at the Door. At last she thrust her Head out at the Window, saying, Who is there? 'Tis I, quoth *John*, What mean you by this? I pray you come down and open the Door that I may come in.

What Sir, quoth she, is it you? have you nothing to do but dance about the Streets at this time of Night, and like a Spirit of the Buttery

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tery hunt after Crickets? are you so hot that the House cannot hold you? Nay, I pray thee sweet heart, quoth he, do not jear any longer, but let me in. O Sir, remember, quoth she, how you stood even now at the Window, like a Judge on the Beach, and in taunting sort, kept me out of my House. How now *Jack*: what, am I even with you? VVhat, *John* my Man, were you so lusty to lock your Dame out of Doors? Sirrah, remember you bad me go to the Constable to get Lodging, now you have leisure to try if his VVife will prefer you to a Bed. You sir sawce, that made me stand in the cold till my Feet did freeze, and my Teeth chatter, while you stood preaching of Birds and Beasts, telling me a tale of Spiders, Flies and Frogs; go try now if any of them will be so friendly to let thee have Lodging. Why go you not Man? fear not to speak with them, for I am sure you will find them at home: think not they are such ill Husbands as you, to be abroad at this time of Night.

With this *John's* patience was greatly mov'd, insomuch that he deeply Swore, that if she would not let him in, he would break down the Door. Why *John*, quoth she, you need not be so hot, your Cloathing is not so warm: and because I think this will be a warning unto you against another time how you shut me out of my House, catch, there is the Key, come in at thy pleasure, and look thou go to Bed to thy Fellows; for with me thou shalt not lye this Night. With that she clap't to the Casement, and got her to Bed, locking the Chamber-door fast. Her Husband, that knew it was in vain to seek to come into her Chamber, and being no longer able to endure the Cold, got him a place among his Prentices, and there slept soundly. In the Morning his Wife rose betime, and merrily made him a Cawdle, and bringing it to his Bed, ask'd him how he did?

Quoth *John*, troubled with a Shrew, who the longer she lives, the worse she is: and as the People of *Ilyria* kill Men with their Looks, so she kills her Husband's Heart with untoward Conditions. But trust me Wife, quoth he, seeing I find you of such crooked Qualities, that like (the Spider) you turn the sweet Flowers of good Counsel into venomous Poyson; from henceforth I will leave you to your own wilfulness, and neither vex my Mind, nor trouble my self to restrain you: the which if I had wisely done last Night, I had kept the House in quiet, and my self from cold. Husband (quoth she) think that Women are like Starlings, that will burst their Gall before they will
yield

of Jack of Newbery.

yield to the Fowler: or like the Fish *Scolopendra*, that cannot be touch't without danger. Notwithstanding as the hard Steel doth yield to the Hammer's stroke, being used to this kind; so will Women to their Husbands, where they are not too much crost. And seeing you have sworn to give me my Will, I vow likewise that my wilfulness shall not offend you: I tell you Husband, the noble Nature of Women is such, that for their loving Friends, they will not stick (like the *Pelican*) to pierce their own Hearts to do them good. And therefore forgiving each other all Injuries past: having also tried one anothers patience, let us quench these burning coals of Contention, with the sweet juice of a faithful Kiss, and shaking Hands, bequeath all our Anger to the eating up of this Caudle. Her Husband courteously consented, and after this time, they liv'd long together, in most godly, loving and kind sort, till in the end she dy'd, leaving her Husband wondrous wealthy.

CHAP. II.

Of Jack of Newbery his great Wealth and number of Servants: and also how he brought Queen Katherine Two hundred and fifty Men prepared for the War, at his own cost, against the King of Scots at Flodden-field.

NOW Jack of Newbery being a Widower, had the choice of many Wives, Mens Daughters of good Credit, and Widows of great Wealth. Notwithstanding he bent his only liking to one of his own Servants, whom he had try'd in the guiding of his House a Year or two: and knowing her to be careful in her Business, faithful in her Dealing, and an excellent good Housewife, thought it better to have her with nothing, than some other with much Treasure. And beside, as her Qualities were good, so was she of a very comely Personage, of a sweet Favor, and fair Complexion. In the end he opened his Mind unto her, and craved her good-will. The Maid (though she took this Motion kindly) said she would do nothing without consent of her Parents. Whereupon a Letter was writ to her Father, being a poor Man living in *Ailsbury* in *Buckinghamshire*; who being joyful of his Daughter's good Fortune, speedily came to Newbery, where, of her Master he was friendly entertain'd: who after he had made him good Cheer, shewed him all his Servants at Work, and every Office in his House.

Within

The pleasant History

Within one Room being large and long,
There stood two hundred Looms full strong;
Two hundred Men, the truth is so,
Wrought in these Looms all in a row;
By every one a pretty Boy,
Sate making Quills with mickle joy.
And in another place hard by,
An hundred Women merrily,
Were Carding hard with joyfull cheer,
Who singing fate with Voices clear;
And in a Chamber close beside,
Two hundred Maidens did abide,
In Petticoats of Stammel red,
And milk white Kerchers on their Head:
Their Smock-sleeves like to Winter-snow,
That on the Western Mountains flow,
And each Sleeve with a silken band,
Was fairly ty'd at the Hand.
These pretty Maids did never lin,
But in that place all Day did Spin;
And Spinning to with Voices meer,
Like Nightingales they sang full sweeter.
Then to another Room came they,
Where Children were in poor Array,
And every one sate picking Wooll,
The finest from the course to cull;
The number was Seven score and ten,
The Children of poor silly Men:
And these their Labours to requite,
Had every one a Penny at Night;
Beside their Meat and Drink all Day,
Which was to them a wondrous stay.
Within another place likewise,
Full Fifty proper Men he spies,
And these were Shearmen every one,
Whose skill and cunning there was shewn.
And hard by them there did remain,
Full Fourscore Rowers taking pain.
A Dy-house likewise had he then,
Wherein he kept full Forty Men.
And likewise in his Fulling-Mill,
Full Twenty Persons kept he still.
Each Week ten good fat Oxen he
Spent in his House for certainty:
Besides good Butter, Cheese and Fish,
And many other wholsome Dish.

He

of *Jack of Newbery.*

He kept a Butcher all the Year,
A Brewer eke for Ale and Beer :
A Baker for to bake his Bread,
Which stood his Household in good stead.
Five Cooks within his Kitchen great,
Were all the Year to dress his Meat:
Six Scullion-boys unto their Hands,
To make clean Dishes, Pots and Pans :
Beside poor Children that did stay,
To turn the Broaches every Day.
The Old Man that did see this sight,
Was much amaz'd, as well he might.
This was a gallant Clothier sure,
Whose Fame for ever shall endure.

VWhen the Old Man had seen this great Household and Family, then he was brought into the VVare-houses, some being fill'd with VVooll, some with Flocks, some with Woad and Madder, and some with Broad cloaths and Kerfies ready dyed and drest, beside a great number of others, some stretch't on the Tenters, some hanging on Poles, and a great many more lying wet in other places. Sir (quoth the Old Man) I wis che zee you be bominable rich, and cham content you shall have my Daughter, God's Blessing and mine light on you both.

But Father (quoth *Jack of Newbery*) what will you bestow with her? Marry hear you (quoth the Old Man) I vaith cham but a poor Man, but I thank God, cham of good exclamation among my Neighbours, and they will as zoon take my vice for any thing as a richer Man's: thick I will bestow, you shall have with a good-will, because che hear very good condemnation of you in every place, therefore chil give you twenty Nobles and a weaning Calf, and when I dye and my VVife, you shall have the revelation of all my Goods.

VWhen *Jack* heard his offer, he was streight content, making more reckoning of the Woman's Modesty, than her Father's Money. So the Marriage day being appointed, all things were prepared meet for the Wedding, and Royal-cheer ordain'd; most of the Lords, Knights and Gentlemen thereabout were invited thereunto. The Bride being attired in a Gown of Sheeps-ruffet, and a Kertle of fine Worsted, her Head attired with a billiment of Gold, and her Hair as yellow as Gold hanging down behind her, which was curiously combed and pleated, according to the manner in those Days: she was led to Church between two sweet Boys, with Bride-laces and Rosemary tyed about their fil-

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ken Sleeves; the one was Son to Sir *Thomas Parry*, the other to Sir *Francis Hungerford*. Then was there a fair Bride-cup of Silver and gilt carry'd before her, wherein was a goodly branch of *Rosemary* gilded very fair, hung about with silken Ribbands of all colours: next was there a noise of Musicians that played all the way before her: after her came all the chiefeſt Maidens of the Country, some bearing great Bride cakes, and some Garlands of Wheat finely gilded, and so she paſſ'd unto the Church.

It is needleſſe here for me to make any mention of the Bridegroom, who being a Man ſo well-beloved, wanted no Company, and thoſe of the beſt ſort; beſides divers Merchant ſtrangers of the *Stil-yard*, that came from *London*, to the Wedding. The Marriage being ſolemniz'd, home they came in order as before: and to Dinner they went, where there was no want of good Cheer, no Lack of Melody: Rheniſh-wine at this VWedding was as plentiful as Beer or Ale, for the Merchants had ſent thither Ten Tuns of the beſt VVine in the *Stil-yard*.

This VWedding laſted Ten Days, to the great relief of the Poor that dwelt all about: and in the end the Bride's Father and Mother came to pay their Daughter's Portion: which when the Bridegroom had received he gave them great thanks. Notwithſtanding he would not ſuffer them yet to depart, and againſt they ſhould go home, their Son-in-law came unto them, ſaying, Father and Mother, all the thanks that my poor Heart can yield, I give you for your good will, coſt and courteſy, and while I live make bold to uſe me in any thing that I am able, and in requital of the Gift you gave me with your Daughter, I give you here twenty Pounds to beſtow as you find occaſion, and for your loſs of time, and charges riding up and down, I give you here as much Broad-cloath as ſhall make you a Cloak, and my Mother an Holy-day Gown, and when this is worn out, come to me and fetch more.

O my good Zon (quoth the Old VVoman) Chriſt's benizon be with thee for evermore: for to tell thee true, we had zold all our Kine to make Money for our Daughter's Marriage, and this zeven Year we ſhould not have been able to buy more: norwithſtanding we ſhould have zold all that ever we had, before my poor VVench ſhould have loſt her Marriage. I (quoth the Old Man) chud have zold my Coat from my Back, and my Bed from under me, before my Girl ſhould have gone without you. I thank you good Father and Mother, ſaid the Bride,

of *Jack of Newbery.*

Bride, and I pray God long to keep you in health: than the Bride kneeled down and did her duty to her Parents, who weeping for very joy, departed. Not long after this, it chanced while our noble King was making War in *France*, that *James* King of *Scotland*, falsly breaking his Oath, invaded *England* with a great Army, and did much hurt upon the Borders: whereupon on the sudden every Man was appointed according to his ability to be ready with his Men and Furniture at an Hour's warning, on pain of Death. *Jack of Newbery* was commanded by the Justice to set out six Men, four armed with Pikes, and two Calivers, and to meet the Queen in *Buckinghamshire*, who was there raising a great Power to go against that Faithless King of *Scots*. When *Jack* had received his charge, he came home in all haste, and cut out a whole Broad-cloth for Horsemens Coats, and so much more as would make up Coats for a hundred Men: in short time he had made ready fifty tall Men well mounted in white Coats, and red Caps with yellow Feathers, Demi-lances in their Hands, and fifty armed Men on Foot with Pikes, and fifty shot, in white Coats; also every Man so expert in handling of his Weapon, as few better were found in the Field: himself likewise in compleat Armour, on a goodly barbed Horse, rode foremost of the Company, with a Lance in his Hand, and a fair plume of yellow Feathers in his Crest, and in this sort he came before the Justices: who at the first approach did not a little wonder what he should be.

At length when he had discovered what he was, the Justices and most of the Gentlemen gave him great commendations for his good and forward Mind shewed in this Action: but some others envying hereat, said, That he wewed himself more Prodigious than Prudent, and more vain-glorious than well-advised, seeing that the best Nobleman in the Country would scarce have done so much: and no marvel (quoth they) for such a one would call to his remembrance, that the King had often occasions to urge his Subjects to such Charges, therefore would do at one time as they might be able to do at another: but *Jack of Newbery* like the Stork in the Spring-time, thinks the highest Cedar too low to build his Nest in, and ere the Year be half done may be glad to have a Bed in a Bush.

These disdainful Speeches being at last brought to *Jack of Newbery's* Ear, though it grieved him much, yet patiently put them up till time convenient. Within a while after, all the Soldiers of *Bark-*

The pleasant History.

shire, Hampshire, and Wiltshire, were commanded to shew themselves before the Queen at *Stony Stratford*, where her Grace, with many Lords, Knights, and Gentlemen were assembled, with Ten thousand Men. Against *Jack* should go to the Queen, he caused his Face to be smeared with Blood, and his white Coat in like manner.

VWhen they were come before her Highness, she demanded (above all the rest) what those white Coats were? VWhereupon Sir *Henry Englefield* (who had the leading of the *Barkshire* Men) made answer:

May it please your Majesty to understand, that he which rideth foremost there, is called *Jack of Newbery*, and all those gallant Men in white, are his own Servants, who are maintained all the Year by him, whom he at his own cost hath set out in this time of Extremity to serve the King against his vaunting Foe: and I assure your Majesty, there is not, for the number, better Soldiers in the Field.

Good Sir *Henry* (quoth the Queen) bring the Man to me, that I may see him: which was done accordingly. Then *Jack* with all his Men alighted, and humbly on their Knees fell before the Queen. Her Grace said, Gentlemen arise, and putting forth her lilly white Hand, gave it him to kiss. Most gracious Queen, quoth he, Gentleman, I am none, nor the Son of a Gentleman, but a poor Clothier, whose Lands are his Looms, having no other Rents but what I get from the Backs of little Sheep, nor can I claim any other cognizance but a wooden Shuttle. Nevertheless, most gracious Queen, these my poor Servants and my self, with Life and Goods, are ready at your Majesties Command, not only to spend our Bloods, but also to lose our Lives in defence of our King and Country.

VWelcome to me *Jack of Newbery*, said the Queen, though a Clothier by Trade, yet a Gentleman by Condition, and a faithful Subject in Heart: and if thou chance to have any Suit in Court, make account the Queen will be thy Friend, and would to God the King had many such Clothiers. But tell me, how came thy white Coat besmeared with Blood, and thy Face to be scratch't? May it please your Grace (quoth he) to understand that it was my chance to meet with a Monster, who like the People *Cynomology*, had the proportion of a Man, but headed like a Dog, the biting of whose Teeth was like the poisoned Teeth of a Crocodile, his Breath like the Basilisks, killing a far off, I suppose his Name was Envy, who assailed me invisibly, like the wicked Spirit of *Mogunce*, who flung Stones at Men, and could not be seen:

of Jack of Newbery.

seen: and so I came by my scratch't Face, not knowing what was done. What was the cause that this Monster should afflict thee above the rest of thy Company, or other Men in the Field? Although, most Sovereign Queen, quoth he, this poisoned Cur smarled at many, and that few can escape the hurt of his wounding Breath, yet at this time he bent his force against me, not for any hurt I did him, but because I surpass'd him in hearty affection to my Sovereign Lord, and with the poor Widow offered all that I had to serve my Prince and Country. It were happy for *England*, said the Queen, if in every Market-Town there was a Gibbet to hang up Curs of that kind, who, like *Aesop's* Dog, lying in the Manger, will do no good himself, nor suffer such as would do any. This Speech being ended, the Queen caused her Army to be set in order, and in warlike manner to March toward *Flodden*, where King *James* had pitched his Field. But as they pass'd along with Drum and Trumpet, there came a Post from the valiant Earl of *Surrey*, with Tydings to her Grace that now he might dismiss her Army, for that it pleased God to grant the Noble Earl Victory over the *Scots*: whom he had by his wisdom and valour overcome in Fight, and slain their King in Battel. Upon which News her Majesty discharged her Forces, and joyfully took her Journey to *London*, with a pleasant Countenance, praising God for her famous Victory, and yielding thanks to all the noble Gentlemen and Soldiers for their readiness in the Action, giving many Gifts to the Nobility, and great Rewards to the Soldiers: among whom she nothing forgot *Jack of Newbery*, about whose Neck she put a rich Chain of Gold: at what time he with all the rest gave a great shout, saying, God save *Katherine* the Noble Queen of *England*. Many Noble Men of *Scotland* were taken Prisoners at this Battel, and many more slain: so that there never came a greater Foil to *Scotland* than this: for you shall understand that the Scottish King made full account to be Lord of the Land, watching opportunity to bring to pass his faithless and traiterous Practice: which was when our King was in *France*, at *Turney* and *Turwin*; in regard of which VVars the *Scots* vaunted there was none left in *England*, but Heards and Ploughmen, who were not able to lead an Army, having no skill in Martial Affairs. In consideration of which Advantage, he invaded the Country, boasting of Victory before he had won: which was no small Grief to Queen *Margaret* his Wife, who was eldest Sister to our Noble King

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King. Wherefore, in disgrace of the *Scots*, and in remembrance of the famous achieved Victory the Commons of *England* made this Song: which to this Day is not forgotten of many.

The S O N G.

King *Jemmy* hath made a Vow,
Keep it well if he may,
That he will be at lovely *London*,
Upon Saint *James* his Day.

Upon Saint *James* his Day at Noon,
At fair *London* will I be;
And all the Lords in merry *Scotland*,
They shall line there with me.

Then bespake good Queen *Margaret*,
The Tears fell from her Eye:
Leave off these Wars most noble King,
Keep your Fidelity.

The Waters run swift & wondrous deep
from bottom unto the brim:
My Brother *Henry* has Men good enough,
England is hard to win.

Away (quoth he) with this silly Fool,
in Prison fast let her lye:
For she is come of the *English* Blood,
and for these words she shall dye.

That Day made many a Fatherless Child,
and many a Widow poor:
And many a *Scottish* gay Lady,
sate weeping in her Bower.

With that bespake L^d *Thomas Howard*,
the Queen's Chamberlain that Day.
If that you put Q. *Margaret* to Death,
Scotland shall rue it alway.

Then in a rage King *Jemmy* did say,
away with this foolish Mome.
He shall be hang'd, and the rother burn'd
so soon as I come home.

At *Flodden*-field the *Scots* came in,
which made our *English* Men fain:
At *Bramstone*-green this *Battel* was seen,
there was King *Jemmy* slain.

Then present'y the *Scots* did fly,
their Cannon they left behind:
Their Ensigns gay were won all away,
our Soldiers did beat them blind.
(slain,
To tell you plain, twelve thousand were
that to the Fight did stand:
And many a Prisoner took that Day,
the best in all *Scotland*.)

Jack with a Feather was lapt all in Leather
his boastings were all in vain.
He had such a chance with new *Morrice*-
he never went home again. (dance,

C H A P. III.

Now *Jack* of *Newbery* went to receive the King, as he went a Progress into *Barkshire*;
and how he made him a Banquet in his own House.

ABout the tenth Year of the King's Reign, his Grace made his
Progress into *Barkshire*, against which time *Jack* of *Newbery*
cloathed thirty tall Fellows, being his Household Servants, in blew
Coats,

of *Jack of Newbery.*

Coats faced with Sarsenet, every one having a good Sword and Buckler on his Shoulder, himself in a plain Russet-coat, a pair of white Kerlie Breeches, without welt or gard, and Stockings of the same piece sowed to his Slops, which had a great Codpiece whereon he stuck his Pins, who knowing the King would come over a certain Meadow, near, adjoyning to the Town: got himself thither with all his Men: and repairing to a certain Ant-hill, which was in the Field, took up his Seat there, causing his Men to stand round about the same with their Swords drawn.

The King coming near the place with the rest of his Nobility, and seeing them stand with their drawn Weapons, sent to know the cause: *Garret*, King at Arms was the Messenger, who spake in this sort. Good Fellows the King's Majesty would know to what end you stand here with Swords and Bucklers prepared to fight. With that *Jack of Newbery* started up, and made this answer: Herald (quoth he) return to his Highness, it is poor *Jack of Newbery*, who being scant Marquees of a Mole-hill, is chosen Prince of Ants, and here I stand with my Weapons and Guard about me to defend and keep these my poor and painful Subjects, from the force of the idle Butterflies, their sworn enemies, lest they should disturb their quiet Common-wealth, who this Summer season are making their Winter's Provision.

The Messenger returning, told his Grace that it was one *Jack of Newbery* that stood there with his Men about him to guard (as they say) a company of Ants, from the furious wrath of the Prince of Butterflies. With this news the King heartily laugh'd, saying, Indeed it is no marvel he stands so well prepared, considering what a terrible Tyrant he hath to deal withall. Certainly, my Lords (quoth he) this seems to be a pleasant Fellow, and therefore we will send to talk with him. The Messenger being sent, told *Jack* he must come and speak with the King. Quoth he, his Grace hath a Horse, and I am on Foot, therefore will him to come to me: beside that while I am away, our Enemies might come and put my People in hazard, as the *Scots* did *England*, while our King was in *France*. How dare the Lamb be so bold with the Lyon, quoth the Herald? Why, quoth he, if there be a Lyon in the Field, here is never a Cock to fright him: and tell his Majesty, he might think me a very bad Governour that would walk abroad upon pleasure, and leave my People in peril. Herald (quoth he) it is written, he that hath a Charge must look to it, and
so

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So tell thy Lord my King. The message being done, the King said, My Lords, seeing it will be no other, we will ride up to the Emperor of the Ants, that is so careful in his Government. At the King's approach, *Jack of Newbery*, and his Servants put up all their Weapons, and with a joyful cry flung up their Caps in token of Victory. Why how now, my Masters (quoth the King) is your Wars ended? let me see where the Lord General of this great Camp is? With that *Jack of Newbery*, with all his Servants, fell on their Knees, saying, God save the King of *England*, whose fight hath put my Foes to flight, and brought great peace to the poor labouring People. Trust me (quoth our King) here be pretty Fellows to fight against Butterflies: I must commend your Courage, that dares withstand such mighty Giants. Most dread Sovereign (quoth *Jack*) not long ago, in my Conceit, I saw the most provident Nation of the Ants summoned their chief Peers to a Parliament held in the famous City *Dry Dusty*, the one and thirtieth Day of *September*: whereas by their Wisdoms, I was chosen their King, at what time also many Bills of Complaint were brought in against ill Members in the Common-wealth: among whom the Mole was attainted of High-treason to their State, and therefore was banished for ever from their quiet Kingdom: so was the Grasshopper and the Caterpillar, because they were not only idle, but lived upon the Labours of other Men: among the rest, the Butterfly was much disliked, but few durst say any thing to him, because of his golden Apparel: who through sufferance grew so ambitious and malepert, that the poor Ant could no sooner get an Egg in her Nest, but he would have it away, and especially against *Easter*, which at length was disliked. This painted Ais took Snuff in the Nose, and assembled a great many others of his own Coat, by windy Wars to root these painful People out of the Land, that he himself might be feared above them all. (These were proud Butterflies, quoth the King.) Whereupon, I with my Men (quoth *Jack*) prepared our selves to withstand them, till such time as your Majesty's Royal Presence put them to flight.

Tush (said the King) thou must think that the force of Flies is not great. Notwithstanding (quoth *Jack*) their gay Gowns make poor Men afraid. I perceive (quoth Cardinal *Wolsey*) that you being King of Ants, do carry a great grudge to the Butterflies. I, quoth *Jack*, we be as great Foes as the Fox and the Snakes are Friends: for the one
of

of Jack of Newbery.

of them being subtle, loves the other for his craft : but now I intend to be no longer a Prince, because the Majesty of a King hath eclips'd my glory : so that looking like the Peacock on my black Feet, makes me abate my vain-glorious Feathers, and humbly I yield unto his Majesty all my Sovereign Rule and Dignity, both of Life and Goods, casting my Weapons at his Feet, to do any Service wherein his Grace shall command me. God-a-mercy good *Jack* (quoth the King) I have often heard of thee, and this Morning I mean to visit thy House.

Thus the King with great delight rode along until he came to the Town's end, where a great multitude of People attended to see his Majesty : where also Queen *Katherine* with all her Train met him. Thus with great rejoycing of the Commons, the King and Queen passed along to this Jolly Clothier's House, where the Good-wife of the House with threescore Maidens attending on her, presented the King with a Bee-hive most richly gilt with Gold, and the Bees therein were also Gold, curiously made by Art, and out of the top of the same Hive sprung a flourishing green Tree, which bore golden Apples, and at the root thereof lay divers Serpents seeking to destroy it, whom Prudence and Fortitude trod under their Feet, holding this Inscription in their Hands.

Lo here presented to your Royal sight,
the figure of a flourishing Common-wealth :
Where vertuous Subjects labour with delight,
and beat the Drones to death that live by stealth.
Ambition, Envy, Treason, loathsome Serpents be,
which seek the downfall of this fruitful Tree.

But Lady Prudence with deep searching Eye,
their ill-intended purpose doth prevent :
And noble Fortitude standing always nigh,
disperst their Power prepar'd with bad intent.
Thus they are foil'd that mount by means unmeet,
and so like Slaves are trodden under Feet.

The King favourably accepted this Emblem, and receiving it at the Woman's Hands, willed Cardinal *Wolsey* to look thereon, commanding it should be sent to *Windsor* Castle. This Cardinal was at that time Lord Chancellor of *England*, and a wonderful proud Prelate, by whose means great variance was set betwixt the King of

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England and the French King, the Emperor of *Almain*, and divers other Princes of *Christendom*, whereby the Traffick of those Merchants was utterly forbidden, which bred a general Woe through *England*, especially among Clothiers: insomuch that having no Sale for their Cloth, they were faine to put away many of their People which workt for them, as hereafter more at large shall be declared.

Then was his Majesty brought into a great Hall, where four long Tables were ready cover'd: and passing through that place, the King and Queen came into a fair and large Parlor hung about with goodly Tapestry, where was a Table prepared for his Highness, and the Queen's Grace. All the Floor where the King sat was covered with Broad-cloaths, instead of green Rushes: these were choice pieces of the finest Wool of an Azure-colour, valued at an hundred pound a Cloth, which afterwards was given to his Majesty. The King being set with the chiefest of his Counsel about him, after a delicate Dinner, a sumptuous Banquet was brought in, served all in Glass: the description whereof is too long for me to write, and you to read. The great Hall was also filled with Lords, Knights and Gentlemen, who were attended by no other but by the Servants of the House. The Ladies of Honour and Gentlewomen of the Court were all seated in another Parlor by themselves; at whose Table the Maidens of the House did wait in decent sort. The Serving-men by themselves, and the Pages and Foot-men by themselves, upon whom the Prentices did attend most diligently. During the King's abiding in this place, there was no want of Delicates: Rhenish-wine, Claret-wine, and Sack, was as plentiful as small Ale. Then from the highest to the lowest, they were served in such sort, as no discontent was found any way, so that great commendations redounded to the good Man of the House. The L. Cardinal that of late found himself galled by the Allegory of the Ants, spake in this wise to the King: *If it should please your Highness (quoth he) but to note the vaine glory of these Artificers, you should find no small cause of dislike in many of their Actions. For an instance, the Fellow of this House, be hath not stuck this Day to undoe himself, only to become Famous by receiving your Majesty: like Herostratus the Shoemaker, that burned the Temple of Diana, only to get himself a Name, more than for any Affection he bears to your Grace, as may well be proved by this: let there be but a simple Subsidy Levied upon them for the assistance of your Highness's Wars, or any other*
weighty

of Jack of Newbery.

weighty Affairs of the Common-wealth and State of the Realm, though it be not the twentieth part of their Substance, they will so grudge and repine, that it is wonderful, and like People desperate, cry out, They are quite undone. My Lord Cardinal, quoth the Queen (under correction of my Ld. the King) I durst lay a hundred Pound *Jack of Newbery* was never of that Mind, nor is not at this instant: if you ask him, I warrant he will say so. my self also had a proof thereof at the Scotch Invasion, at what time this Man being sefs'd but at Six Men, brought (at his own cost) an Hundred and fifty Men into the Field. I would I had more such Subjects, said the King, and many of so good a Mind. Ho, ho *Harry* (quoth *Will Summers*) then had not *Empson* and *Dudley* been Chronicled for Knaves, nor sent to the Tower for Treason. Then they had not known the pain of Imprisonment, quoth our King, who with their Subtilty grieved many others. But their Subtilties were such that it brake their Necks, quoth *Will Summers*. Whereat the King and Queen laughing heartily, rose from the Table, by which time *Jack of Newbery* had caused all his Folks to go to their Work, that his Grace and all the Nobility might see it: so indeed the Queen had requested. Then came his Highness, where he saw a hundred Looms standing in one Room, and two Men working in every one, who pleasantly sung in this sort.

The Weavers S O N G.

When *Hercules* did use to Spin,
and *Pallas* wrought upon the Loom,
Our Trade to flourish did begin,
while Conscience went not selling Broom,
Then Love and Friendship did agree,
To keep the bands of Amity.

When Princes Sons kept Sheep in Field,
and Queens made Cakes of Wheaten-flower,
The Men to lucre did not yield,
which brought good Cheer to every Bower,
Then Love and Friendship did agree,
to hold the bands of Amity.

But when the Gyants huge and high,
did fight with Spears like Weavers Beams,
Then they in Iron-Beds did lye,
and brought poor Men to hard Extreams.
Yet Love and Friendship did agree,
to hold the bands of Amity.

The pleasant History

Then *David* took his Sling and Stone,
nor fearing great *Goliath's* strength:
He pierced his Brains, and broke the Bone,
though he were fifty Foot of length.
For Love and Friendship did agree, &c.

But while the *Greeks* besieged *Troy*,
Penelope apace did Spin:
And Weavers wrought with mickle joy,
though little Gains were coming in.
For Love and Friendship did agree, &c.

Had *Hellen* then sate Carding Wool,
(whose beauteous Face did breed such strife):
She had not been Sir *Paris's* Trull,
nor caused so many to lose their Life,
Yet we by Love did still agree,
to hold the bands of Amity.

Or had King *Priam's* wanton Son,
been making Quills with sweet content,
He had not then his Friends undone,
when he to *Greece* a gadding went.
For Love and Friendship did agree, &c.

The Cedar-trees endured more storms,
then little Shrubs that sprout on high:
The Weavers live more void of harms,
then Princes of great Dignity,
While Love and Friendship doth agree, &c.

The Shepherd sitting in the Field,
doth tube his Pipe with Heart's delight:
When Princes watch with Spear and Shield,
the poor Man soundly sleeps all Night,
While Love and Friendship doth agree, &c.

Yet this by proof is daily try'd,
for God's good Gifts we are ingrate,
And no Man through the World so wide,
lives well contented with his State.
No Love and Friendship can we see,
to hold the bands of Amity.

Well sung Good-fellows, said our King, Light Hearts and merry
Minds live long without Gray-hairs. But (quoth *Will Summers*) fel-
dom without red Noses! Well, said the King, there is a hundred An-
gels to make good Cheer withall: and look that once every Year you
make a Feast among your selves, and frankly (every Year) I give you
leave

of Jack of Newbery.

leave to fetch four Bucks out of *Denington-Park*, without any Man's let or controlement. O, I beseech your Grace (quoth *Will Summers*) let it be with a condition: What is that, said our King? My Liege, quoth he, that although the Keeper will have the Skins, yet they may give their Wives the Horns. Go too, said the Queen, thy Head is fuller of Knavery, than thy Purse is of Crowns. The poor Workmen humbly thanked his Majesty for his bountiful Liberality: and ever since it hath been a Custom among the Weavers, every Year presently after *Bartholomew-tide*, in remembrance of the King's favour, to meet together and make a merry Feast. His Majesty came next amongst the Spinners and Carders, who were merrily a Working: whereat *Will Summers* fell into a great laughter. What ails the Fool to laugh, said the King? Marry (quoth *Will Summers*) to see these Maidens get their Living, as Bulls do eat their Meat. How is that, said the Queen? By going still backward, quoth *Will Summers*: and I will lay a Wager, that they that practise so well being Maids to go backward, will quickly learn, ere long to fall backward.

But sirrah, said the Cardinal, thou didst fall forward when thou brokest thy Face in Master *Kingsmiles* Cellar. But you, my Lord, sate forward (quoth *Will Summers*) when you sate in the Stocks at Sir *Amias Paulet's*. Whereat there was greater laughing, than before. The King and Queen and all the Nobility heedfully beheld these Women, who for the most part were very fair and comely Creatures; and were all attired alike from top to toe. Then (after due reverence) the Maidens in dulcet manner chanted out this Song, two of them finging the Ditty, and all the rest bearing the burden.

The Maidens S O N G.

IT was a Knight in Scotland born,
follow my Love come over the Strand:
Was taken Prisoner and left forlorn,
even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

Then was he cast in Prison strong,
follow my Love come over the strand -
Where he could not walk nor lye along,
even by the good Earl of Northumberland.

And as in sorrow thus he lay,
follow my Love come over the Strand:
The Earl's sweet Daughter walks that way,
and she is the fair Flower of Northumberland.

And

The pleasant History

And passing by like an Angel bright,
Follow my Love, come over the strand?
This Prisoner had of her a sight,
and she, &c.

And aloud to her this Knight did cry,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
The salt Tears standing in his Eye,
And she the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Lady, he said, take pity on me,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And let me not in Prison dye,
and you the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Sir, how should I take pity on thee,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Thou bring a Foe to our Country,
and I the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Fair Lady I am no Foe, he said,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Through thy sweet Love here was I stay'd,
for thee the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Why should'st thou come here for Love of me,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Having Wife and Children in thy Country,
and I the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

I swear by the Blessed Trinity,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
I have no Wife nor Children I,
nor Dwelling at home in merry *Scotland*.]

If courteously you will set me free,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
I Vow that I will marry thee,
so soon as I come in fair *Scotland*.

Thou shalt be a Lady of Castles and Towers,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And sit like a Queen in princely Bowers,
when I am at home in fair *Scotland*.

Then parted hence this Lady gay,
follow my Love, come over the strand,

of Jack of Newbery.

And got her Father's Ring away,
to help this Knight into fair Scotland.

Likewise much Gold she got by sleight,
follow my Love come over the strand,
And all to help this forlorn Knight
to wend from her Father to fair Scotland.

Two gallant Steeds both good and able,
follow my Love come over the strand,
She likewise took out of the Stable
to ride with the Knight into fair Scotland.

And to the Jayler she sent this Ring,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
The Knight from Prison forth did bring
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

This Token set the Prisoner free,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Who straight went to this fair Lady,
to wend with her into fair Scotland.

A gallant Steed he did bestride,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And with the Lady away did ride,
and she the fair Flower of Northumberland.

They rode till they came to a Water clear,
follow my Love, come over the strand:
Good Sir how shou'd I follow you here,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

The Water is rough and wonderful deep,
follow my Love come over the Strand,
And on my Saddle I shall not keep,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

Fear not the Foard, fair Lady, quoth he,
follow my Love, come over the Strand,
For long I cannot stay for thee,
and thou the fair Flower of Northumberland.

The Lady prickt her wanton Stead,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And over the River swom with speed,
and she, &c.

From

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From top to toe all wet was she,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
This have I done for Love of thee,
and I the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Thus rode she all one Winter's Night,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Till *Edenborough* they saw in sight,
the fairest Town in all *Scotland*.

Now chuse, quoth he, thou wanton Flower,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Whether thou wilt be my Paramour,
or get thee home to *Northumberland*.

For I have Wife and Children five,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
In *Edenborough* they be alive,
then get thee home to fair *England*.

This favour thou shalt have to boot,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
I'll have my Horse, go thou on foot,
go get thee home to *Northumberland*.

O false and faithless Knight, quoth she,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And canst thou deal so bad with me,
and I the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Dis honour not a Lady's Name,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
But draw thy Sword, and end my shame,
and I the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

He took her from her stately Steed,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And left her there in extreame need,
and she the fair Flower of *Northumberland*.

Then sat she down full heavily,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
At length two Knights came riding by,
two gallant Knights of fair *England*.

She fell down humbly on her Kneec,
follow my Love, come over the strand,

Saying,

of Jack of Newbery.

Saying, Courteous Knight take pity on me,
and I the fair Flower of Northumberland.

I have offended my Father dear,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And by a false Knight that brought me here,
from the good Earl of Northumberland.

They took her up behind them, then,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
And brought her to her Father again,
and he the good Earl of Northumberland.

All you fair Maidens be warned by me,
follow my Love, come over the strand,
Scots never were true, nor never will be,
to Lord nor Lady, nor fair England.

After the King's Majesty and the Queen had heard this Song sweetly sung by them, he cast them a great Reward: and so departing thence, went to the Fulling-mills and Dye-house, where a great many were also hard at Work; and his Majesty perceiving what a great number of People were by this one Man set on Work, both admired and commended him: saying further, That no Trade in all the Land was so much to be cherish'd and maintain'd as this, which, quoth he, may be well called, *The Life of the Poor*. And as the King returned from this place with intent to take Horse and depart, there met him a great many Children in Garments of white Silk, fring'd with Gold, their Heads crown'd with golden Bays, and about their Arms each one had a Scarf of green Sarsenet fast ty'd, in their Hands they bore silver Bows, and under their Girdles golden Arrows. The foremost of them represented *Diana*, Goddess of Chastity, who was attended on by a Train of beautiful Nymphs, and they presented to the King four Prisoners: The first was a stern and grisly Woman, carrying a frowning Countenance, and her Forehead full of wrinkles, her Hair as black as pitch, and her Garments all bloody, a great Sword she had in her Hand all stain'd with purple gore: they called her Name *Bel-lona*, Goddess of War, who had three Daughters, the first of them was a tall Woman, so lean and ill-favour'd, that her Cheek-bones were ready to start out of the Skin, of a pale and deadly colour; her Eyes sunk into her Head, her Legs so feeble, that they could scarce

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carry her Body; all along her Arms and Hands through the Skin you might tell the Sinews, Joynts and Bones; her Teeth were very strong, and sharp withall: she was so greedy, that she was ready with her Teeth to tear the Skin from her own Arms: her attire was black, and all torn and ragged; she was bare-footed; and her Name was *Famine*. The second was a strong and lusty Woman, with a Look pitilefs, and an unmerciful Countenance: her Garments were all made of Iron and Steel, and carry'd in her Hand a naked Weapon, and she was called the *Sword*. The third was a cruel Creature, her Eyes did sparkle like burning Coals, her Hair was like a Flame, and her Garments like burning Brasse: she was so hot, that none could stand near her, and they called her *Heat*.

After this, they retired again, and brought unto his Highness two other Personages, their Countenance was princely and amiable, their Attire most rich and sumptuous: the one carry'd in his Hand a golden Trumpet, and like other a Palm-tree; and these were called *Peace* and *Victory*; whom the Goodness of Chastity changed to women upon this famous Prince's favour. This Night each Child after other with due reverence gave unto his Majesty a sweet-smelling Gilly-flower; after the manner of the *Perchance*, offering something in token of Loyalty and Obedience. The King and Queen beholding the sweet Favour and Countenance of these Children, demanded of *Jack of Newbery* whose Children they were? Who answered, It shall please your Highness to understand, that these are the Children of poor People, that do get their Living by picking of Wooll; having scarce a good Meal in a Week. With that the King began to tell his Gilly-flowers, whereby he found there were 96 Children. Certainly, said the Queen, I perceive God gives as fair Children to the Poor as to the Rich, and fairer many times: and though their Dyer and keeping be but simple, the Blessing of God doth cherish them. Therefore, said the Queen, I do request to have two of them to wait in my Chamber. Fair *Katherine*, said the King, thou hast I have jump't in one Opinion; thinking these Children fitter for the Court than the Country: whereupon he made choice of a dozen more: four he ordained to be Pages to his Royal Person, and the rest he sent to Universities, allotting to every one a Gentleman's Living. Divers of the Noblemen did in like sort entertain some of those Children into their Services: so that (in the end) not one was left to pick Wooll, but were all so provided for, that

of *Jack of Newbery*

that their Parents never needed to care for them: and God so blessed them, that each of them came to be Men of great Account and Authority in the Land, whose Posterities remain to this Day worshipful and famous. The King, Queen and Nobles being ready to depart, after great thanks and gifts given to *Jack of Newbery*, his Majesty would have made him a Knight, but he meekly refused it, saying, I beseech your Grace let me live a poor Clothier among my People, in whose maintenance I take more felicity than in all the vain Titles of Gentility: for these are the labouring Ants whom I seek to defend, and these are the Bees which I keep, who labour in this Life, not for our selves, but for the glory of God, and to do service to our dread Sovereign. Thy Knighthood need be no hindrance of thy Faculty, quoth the King. O my dread Sovereign, quoth *Jack*, honour and worship may be compar'd to the Lake of *Leithe*, which makes Men forget themselves that taste thereof, and to the end I may still keep in mind from whence I came, and what I am, I beseech your Grace to let me rest in my Ruffet-coat a poor Clothier to my Dying-day. Seeing then (said the King) that a Man's Mind is a Kingdom to himself, I will leave thee to the riches of thy own Content, and so farewell. The Queen's Majesty taking her leave of the good Wife with a Princely kiss, gave her in token of remembrance a most precious and rich Diamond set in Gold, about which was also curiously set six Rubies and six Emeralds in one piece, valued at nine hundred Marks, and so her Grace departed. But in this mean space *Will Summers* kept company among the Maids, and betook himself to Spinning, as they did, which then was held as a forfeit of a Gallon of Wine: but *Will* by no means would pay, except they would take it out in Kisses, rating every kiss at a Farthing. This payment we refuse for two causes, quoth the Maids: the one because we esteem not kisses at so base a rate; and the other, because in so doing we should give as much as you.

CHAP. IV.

How the Maids served *Will Summers* for his Sauciness.

THE Maidens consented together, seeing *Will Summers* was so buse both in their Work and in his Words, and would not pay his Forfeiture, to serve him as he served them: first therefore they bound him Hands and Feet, and set him upright against a Post, tying

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him thereto, which he took in ill part; notwithstanding he could not resist them: and because he let his Tongue run at random, they set a fair gag in his Mouth, such a one as he could not for his Life put away: so that he stood as one gaping for wind. Then one of them got a couple of Dogs droppings, and putting them in a Bag, laid them in soke in a Bason of Water, while the rest turned down the Coller of his Jerkin, and put a Dust-cloath about his Neck instead of a fine Towel: then came the other Maid with a Bason, and Water in the same, and with the perfume in the Pudding-bag slapt him about the Face and Lips till he lookt like a Tawny-moor, and with her Hand washt him very orderly. The smell being somewhat strong, *Will* could by no means abide it, and for want of other language, cry'd, *Ab, ab, ab, ab*. Fain he would have spet, and could not, so that he was fain to swallow down such Liquor as he never tasted the like. When he had a pretty while been washt in this sort, at length he croucht down upon his knees, yielding himself to their favour: which the Maidens perceiving, pulled the Gag out of his Mouth. He had no sooner the liberty of his Tongue, but he curst and swore like a Devil. The Maids that could scarce stand for laughing, at last askt, how he liked his washting? Codsounds, quoth he, I was never thus washt, nor never met with such Barbarians since I was born: let me go, quoth he, and I will give you whatsoever you will demand; therewith he cast them an English-crown. Nay, quoth one of the Maids, you are but wash't, but we will shave you ere you go. Sweet Maids, quoth he, pardon my shaving, let it suffice that you have wash't me: if I have done a trespass to your Trade, forgive it me, and I will never hereafter offend you. Tush, said the Maids, you have made our Wheels cast their bands, and bruised the Teeth of our Cards in such sort, as the offence may not be remitted without great pennance. As for your Gold we regard it not: therefore as you are perfumed fit for the Dogs, so we enjoyn you this Night to serve all our Hogs; which pennance if you will swear with all speed to perform, we will let thee loose. O, quoth *Will*, the huge Elephant was never more fearful of the silly Sheep, than I am of your displeasures: therefore let me loose, and I will do it with all diligence. Then they unbound him, and brought him among a great company of Swine, which when *Will* had well viewed over, he drove out of the Yard all the Sows. Why how now, quoth the Maids, what mean you by this? Marry, quoth *Will*, these be all Sows, and my pennance is but to serve the

of Jack of Newbery.

the Hogs. Is it true, quoth they? have you overtaken us in this sort? Well, look there be not one Hog unserved we would advise you. *Will Summers* strip't up his Sleeves very orderly, and clap't an Apron about his morly Hofen, and taking a Pail, served the Hogs very handsomely: when he had given them all Meate, he said thus:

*My Task is due'y done,
My Liberty is won;
The Hogs have eat their Crabs,
Therefore farewell you Drabs.*

Nay, soft Friend, quoth they, the veriest Hog of all hath yet had nothing. Where the Devil is he, said *Will*, that I see him not? Wrap't in a motly Jerkin, quoth they; take thy self by the Nose, and thou shalt catch him by the Snout. I was never so very a Hog, quoth he, but I could always spare from my own Bally to give to a Woman. If thou do not, say they, eat (like the prodigal Child) with thy fellow Hogs, we will so shawe thee, that thou shalt dearly repent thy disobedience. He seeing no remedy, committed himself to their mercy, and so they let him go. When he came to the Court, he shewed to the King all his Adventures among the Weaver's Maidens, whereat the King and Queen laughed heartily.

CHAP. V.

Of the Pictures which Jack of Newbery had in his House, whereby he encouraged his Servants to seek for Fame and Dignity.

IN a fair and large Parlor, which was Wainscoted round about, *Jack of Newbery* had fifteen fair Pictures hanging, which were covered with Curtains of green silk, fringed with Gold: which he would often shew to his Friends and Servants. In the first was the Picture of a Shepherd, before whom kneel'd a great King nam'd *Viriat*, who sometime Govern'd the People of *Portugal*. See here, quoth *Jack*, the Father a Shepherd, the Son a Sovereign. This Min ruled in *Portugal*, and made great Wars against the *Romans*, and after that invaded *Spain*, yet in the end was traiterously slain.

The next was the Portraiture of *Agathocles*, which for his surpassing Wisdom and Manhood, was created King of *Sicilia*, and maintained Battel against the People of *Carthage*. His Father was a poor Potter, before whom he also kneeled. And it was the use of this King, that

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that whensoever he made a Banquet, he would as well have Vessels of Earth as of Gold set upon the Table, to the intent he might always bear in mind the place of his beginning, his Father's House and family.

The third was the Picture of *Ippocrates* an *Athenian* Hero, who vanquished the *Lacedemonians* in plain and open Battell. This Man was Captain General to *Artaxerxes*, King of *Persia*, whose Father was notwithstanding a Cobler, and there likewise pictured. *Eumenes* was also a famous Captain to *Alexander the Great*, whose Father was no other than a Carter. The fourth was the similitude of *Elins Portinax*, sometime Emperor of *Rome*, yet was his Father but a Weaver: and afterward to give example to others of low Condition to bear Minds of worthy Men, he caus'd the Shop to be beautified with Marble curiously cut, wherein his Father before him was wont to get his Living.

The fifth was the Picture of *Dioctes*, than so much adorn'd *Rome* with his magnificent and triumphant Victories. This was a most famous Emperor, although no other than the Son of a Book-binder. *Valentinian* stood the next, painted most artificially: who also was crowned Emperor, and was but the Son of a poor Rope-maker, as in the same Picture was expressed, where his Father was painted by him using of his Trade.

The seventh was the Emperor *Probus*, whose Father being a Gardener was pictured by him holding a Spade.

The eighth Picture was of *Marcus Aurelius*, whom every Age honoureth, he was both a wise and prudent Emperor, and yet but a Cloth-weaver's Son.

The ninth was the Proportion of the valiant Emperor *Maximinus*, the Son of a Blacksmith, who was there painted, as he was wont to work at the Anvil.

In the tenth Table was painted the Emperor *Gabienus*, who at the first was but a poor Shepherd.

Next to his Picture was placed the Pictures of two Popes of *Rome*, whose Wisdom and Learning advanced them to that Dignity. The first was the lively Portraiture of Pope *John* the twentysecond, whose Father was a Shoo-maker: he being elected Pope, increased their Rents and Patrimony greatly.

The other was the Picture of Pope *Sextus*, the fourth of that Name, being a poor Mariner's Son.

The thirteenth Picture was of *Lamusus*, King of *Lombardy*, who was

of Jack of Newbery.

was not better than the Son of a common Strumpet, being painted like a naked Child walking in Water, and taking hold of the point of a Lance, by which he hung fast, and saved himself. The reason whereof is this: after his lewd Mother was delivered of him, she unnaturally threw him into a deep stinking Ditch, wherein was some Water. By hap King *Agilmond* passed that way, and found this Child almost drowned, who moving him somewhat with the point of his Lance, better to perceive what he was; the Child (tho' newly born) took hold thereof with one of his pretty Hands, nor suffering it to slide or slip away again: which thing the Prince considering, being amiz'd at the strange force of this young little Infant, caused it to be taken up, and carefully to be fostered; and because the place where he found it was called *Lanuy*, he named the Child *Lanulius*: who after grew to be so brave a Man, and so much honoured of Fortune, that in the end he was crowned King of the *Lombards*, who lived there in honour, and in succession after him, even unto the time of the unfortunate King *Alcayna* when all came to ruin, subversion and destruction.

In the fourteenth Picture, *Brimisslas* King of *Bohemia*, was most artificially drawn, before whom there stood a Horse without Bridle or Saddle, in a Field where Husbandmen were at Plough. The cause why this King was thus painted (quoth *Jack*) was this: At that time the King of the *Bohemians* dy'd without Issue; and great strife being among the Nobility for a new King, at length they all consented, that a Horse should be let into the Field without Bridle or Saddle, having all determined with a most assured purpose to make him their King, before whom this Horse rested. At what time it came to pass, that the Horse first stated himself before this *Brimisslas*, being a simple Creature, who then was busie driving the Plough. They presently made him their Sovereign, who ordered himself and his Kingdom very wisely: he ordained many good Laws, he compassed the City of *Prague* with strong Walls, besides many other things meriting perpetual Land and Commendations.

The Fifteenth was the Picture of *Theophrastus*, a Philosopher, and Counsellor of Kings, and Companion of Nobles, who was but the Son of a Taylor. Seeing then my good Servants, that these Men have been advanced to high Places and princely Dignities by Wisdom, Learning and Diligence, I would with you to imitate the like Vertues, that you might attain the like Honours, for which of you doth know what good

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good Fortune God hath in store for you? there is none of you so poorly born, but that Men of baser birth have come to great Honours: the idle Hand shall ever go in a ragged Garment, and the slothful live in reproach: but such as do lead a virtuous life, and govern themselves discreetly, shall of the best be esteem'd, and spend their Days in credit.

CHAP. VI.

How all the Clothiers in *England* joyned together, and with one consent complained to the King of their great hindrance sustained for want of Traffick into other Countries; whereupon they could get no Sale for their Cloth.

BY means of the Wars our King had with other Countries, many Merchant strangers were prohibited from coming to *England*, and also our own Merchants (in like sort) were forbidden to have dealing with *France* or the *Low-Countries*; by means whereof, the Clothiers had most of their Cloth lying on their Hand, and that which they sold was at so low a rate, that the Money scarcely paid for the Wool and Workmanship. Whereupon they thought to ease themselves by abating the poor Workmens Wages: and when they did not prevail, they turn'd away their People, Weavers, Shearmen, Spinners and Carders; so that where there was a hundred Looms kept in one Town, there was scarce fifty, and he that kept twenty put down ten. Many a poor Man (for want of Work) was hereby undone, with his Wife and Children, and it made many a poor Widow to sit with an hungry Belly. This bred great woe in most places of *England*. In the end Jack of Newbery, intended (in behalf of the poor) to make a Supplication to the King: and to the end he might do it the more effectually, he sent Letters to all the chief Clothing-Towns in *England*, to this effect.

The Letter.

WELL-beloved Friends and Brethren, having a taste of the general Grief, and feeling (in some measure) the extremity of the Times, I fell into Consideration by what Means we might best expell these Sorrows, and recover our former Commodities. When I had well thought thereon, I found that nothing was more needful herein than a faithful Unity among our selves. This sore of Necessity can no way be cured, but by Concord: For like as the Flame consumes the Candle, so Men through Discord waste themselves. The Poor hate the Rich, because they will not set them on Work: and the Rich hate the Poor, because they seem burthenfome: so that both are offended for want of Gain. When Belshazzar and Erennas were at strife, the Queen their Mother in their greatest Fury perswaded them to Peace, by urging her conception of them in one Womb, and mutual cherishing of them from their tender Years: so

of Jack of Newbery.

So let our Art of Cloathing, which like a kind Mother, hath cherished us with the excellency of her Secrets, persuade us to an unity. Though our Occupation be decayed, let us not deal with it as Men do by their old Shoes, which after they have long born them out of the Mire, do in the end fling them on the Dangle, or as the Husbandman doth by his Bees, who for their Honey burns them. Dear Friends, consider that our Trade will maintain us, if we uphold it; and there is nothing base, but that which is basely used. Assemble therefore your selves together, and in every Town tell the number of those that have their Living by means of this Trade: note it in a Bill, and send it to me. And because Suits in Courts are like Winter-nights, long and wearisome, let there be in each place a weekly Collection made to defray Charges: for I tell you Noblemens Secretaries and cunning Lawyers have slow Tongues and deaf Ears: which must daily be anointed with the sweet Oyl of Angels. Then let two honest discreet Men be chosen, and sent out of every Town to meet me at Blackwel-Hall in London, on All-Saints Eve, and then we will present our humble Petition to the King: Thus I bid you heartily farewell.

Copies of this Letter being sealed, they were sent to all the Cloathing Towns of England, the Weavers both of Linnen and Woollen gladly received them; so that when all the Bills were brought together; there were found of the Clothiers, and those they maintained, three score thousand and six hundred Persons. Moreover, every Cloathing-Town sending up two Men to London, they were found to be 112 Persons, who in very humble sort fell down before his Majesty, walking in St. James's-Park, and delivered unto him their Petition. The King presently perusing it, asked if they were all Clothiers? Who answered (as it were one Man) in this sort: We are (most gracious King) all poor Clothiers, and your Majesty's faithful Subjects: My Lords, quoth the King, let these Mens Complaint be thoroughly lookt into, and their Grief redressed, for I account them in the number of the best Common-wealths Men. As the Clergy for the Soul, the Soldier for Defence of his Country, the Lawyer to execute Justice, the Husbandman to feed the Belly: so is the skilful Clothier no less necessary for the Cloathing of the Back; whom we may reckon among the chief Yeomen of our Land: and as the chrystal sight of the Eye is tenderly to be kept from harms, because it gives to the whole Body light; so is the Clothier, whose cunning Hand provides Garments to defend our naked parts from the Winter's nipping Frost. Many more reasons there are which may move us to redress their Grievs, but let it suffice that I command to have it done. With that his Grace delivered the Petition to the Lord Chancellor: and all the Clothiers cried, God save the King. But as the King was ready to depart, he suddenly turn'd about, saying, I remember there is one Jack of Newbery, I muse he had not his Hand in this Business, who profess him-

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self to be a Defender of true Labourers. Then said the Duke of *Somer-*
set, it may be his Purse is answerable for his Person. Nay (quoth the
Lord Cardinal) all his Treasure is little enough to maintain Wars a-
gainst the Butterflies: with that *Jack* shewed himself unto the King,
and privately told his Grace of their Grief a-new. To whom his Ma-
jesty said, Give thy attendance at the Council-chamber, where thou
shalt receive an answer to thy content. And so his Highness departed.
Finally, it was agreed, that the Merchants should freely Traffick one
with another; and the Proclamation thereof should be made as well
on the other side of the Sea, as in our Land. But it was long before
this was effected, by reason the Cardinal being Lord Chancel-
lor, put off the matter from time to time. And because the Clothiers
thought it best not to depart before it was ended, they gave their dai-
ly attendance at the Cardinal's House; but spent many Days to no
purpose. Sometimes they were answer'd, my Lord was busy, and
could not be spoken withal: or else he was asleep, and they durst not
awake him: or at his study, and they would not disturb him: or at
his Prayers, and they durst not displease him: and still one thing or o-
ther stood in the way to hinder them. At last *Patch* the Cardinal's
Fool, being (by their often repair thither) well acquainted with the
Clothiers, came unto them and said, Where have you not spoken with
my Lord yet? Notruly (quoth they) we hear say he is busie, and we
stay till his Grace be at leisure. Is it true, said *Patch*? and with that
in all haste he went out of the Hall, and at last came in again with a
great bundle of Straw on his Back. Why, how now *Patch* (quoth the
Gentlemen) what wilt thou do with that Straw? Marry (quoth he)
I will put it under these honest Mens Feet, lest they should freeze ere
they find my Lord at leisure. This made them all to laugh: and they
caused *Patch* to carry away his Straw again. Well, well, (quoth he)
if it cost you a Groat's-worth of Faggots at Night, blame not
me. Trust me (said *Jack* of *Newbery*) if my Lord Cardinal's Father
had been no hastier in killing of Calves, than he is in dispatching of
poor Mens Suits, I doubt he had never worn a Miter. This he spake
betwixt themselves softly; but yet not so softly, but that he was over-
heard by a flattering Fellow that stood by, who made it known to some
of the Gentlemen, and they straight certified the Cardinal thereof.

The Cardinal (who was of a very high Spirit and lofty aspiring
Mind) was marvellously displeased at *Jack* of *Newbery*: wherefore in
his Rage he commanded and sent the Clothiers all to Prison, because
the

of Jack of Newbery.

the one them should not sue for the others Release. Four Days lay these Men in the *Marshalsey*, till at last they made their humble Petition to the King for their Release: but some of the Cardinal's Friends kept it from the King's sight. Notwithstanding the Duke of *Sommerſet* knowing thereof, spake with the Lord Cardinal about the matter, wishing he would speedily release them lest it breed him some displeasure: for you may perceive (quoth the Duke) how highly the King esteems Men of that Faculty. Sir (quoth the Cardinal) I doubt not but to answer their Imprisonment well enough, being perswaded that none would have given me such a quip but an Heretick: and I dare warrant you, were this *Jack of Newbery* well examin'd, he would be found to be infected with *Luther's* Spirit, against whom our King hath of late written a most learned Book: in respect whereof the Pope's Holiness hath entituled his Majesty *Defender of the Faith*: therefore, I tell you, such Fellows are fitter to be Faggots for Fire, than Fathers of Families: notwithstanding (at your Grace's request) I will release them. Accordingly the Cardinal sent for the Clothiers before him to *Whitehall*, his new-built House by *Westminster*, and there bestowing his Blessing upon them, said, *Though you have offended me, I pardon you: for as Stephen forgave his Enemies that stoned him, and our Saviour those sinful Men that Crucified him: so I do forgive you that high Trespass committed in disgrace of my Birth; for herein do Men come nearest unto God, in shewing Mercy and Compassion. But see hereafter you offend no more: touching your Suit it is granted, and to Morrow shall be published through London.* This being said, they departed: and according to the Cardinal's words, their Business was ended. The *Stil-yard* Merchants joyful hereof, made the Clothiers a great Banquet. After which each Man departed Home, carrying tydings of their good Success, so that in a short space Clothing again was very good, and poor Men as well set on Work as before.

C H A P. VII.

How a young *Italian* Merchant coming to Jack of Newbery's House, was greatly enamoured of one of his Maidens; and how he was served.

AMong other Servants that Jack of Newbery kept, there were in his House threeſcore Maidens, which every *Sunday* waited on his Wife to Church, and home again, who had divers Offices. Among other, two were appointed to keep the Beams and Weights to weigh out Wool to the Carders and Spinners, and to receive it in again by

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weight, one of them was a comely Maiden fair and lovely, born of wealthy Parents, and brought up in good Qualities, her name was *Jone*. So it was that a young wealthy *Italian* Merchant coming off from *London* thither to bargain for Cloth (for at that time Clothiers most commonly had their Cloth bespoke, and half paid for aforehand.) This Master *Benedick* fell greatly enamour'd of this Maiden, and therefore offer'd much courtesie to her, bestowing many Gifts on her, which she received thankfully: and altho' his outward Countenance shew'd his inward Affection, yet *Jone* would take no notice thereof. Half the Day sometimes he would sit by her, as she was weighing Wool, often sighing and sobbing to himself, yet saying nothing, as if he had been Tongueless, like the Men of *Coromande*, and the lother to speak, for that he could speak but bad English. *Jone* on the other side, that well perceived his Passions, did as it were triumph over him, as one that were bondslave to her Beauty, and although she knew well enough before that she was fair, yet did she never so highly esteem of her self as at this present: so that when she heard him either sigh, sob or grone, she would turn her Face in a careless sort, as if she had been born (like the Woman of *Tapobrane*) without Ears. When Master *Benedick* saw she made no reckoning of his Sorrows, at length he blabber'd out this broken English, and spake to her in this sort, *Metressa Jone, be me tra & sa, me love you wud all mine Heart, and if you no shall love me again, me know me shall dye: sweet Metressa love me; and by my fa and tra you shall lack nothing: First, me will give you de silk for make you a Frog. Second, de sin Camre for make you Ruffs, and de turd shall be make sin Handkerchief, for wipe your Nose.* She mistaking his speech began to be chollerick, wishing him to keep that Bodkin to pick his Teeth, Ho, ho, *Metressa Jone* (quoth he) *be Got ye angry. O Metressa Jone be no chate with your Friend for nothing.* Good Sir (quoth she) keep your Friendship for them that care for it, and fix your Love on those that can like you: As for me, I tell you plain, I am minded not to marry. *O tis no matter for marry, if you will come in my Chamber, besbit my Bed and let me kiss you.* The Maid, tho' she was very much displeased, yet at these words she could not forbear laughing for her life, *Ab, ab, Metressa Jone, me be very glad to see you merry: hold Metressa Jone, hold your Hand I say; and there is four Crowns because you laugh on me.* I pray you Sir keep your Crowns, for I need them not. *Yes be Got you shall have them, Metressa Jone, to keep in pow for you.* She that could not well understand his broken Language,

of Jack of Newbery.

Language, mistook his meaning in many things, and therefore will'd him not to trouble her any more. Notwithstanding, such was his Love toward her, that he could not forbear her Company, but made many Journeys thither for her sake; and as a certain Spring in *Arcadia* moves Men to starve that drink of it: so did poor *Benedick*, feeding his Fancy on her Beauty: for when he was in *London*, he did nothing but sorrow, wishing he had Wings like the Monsters of *Tartaria*, that he might fly to and fro at his pleasure. When any of his Friends did tell her of his ardent Affection toward her, she wisht them to rub him with the sweat of a Mule, to assuage his amorous Passion, or to fetch him some Water of *Boetica*, to cool and extinguish the heat of his Affection: for, quoth she, let him never hope to be helpt by me. Well, quoth they, before he saw thy alluring Face, he was a Man Reasonable and Wise, but is now a stark Fool, being by thy Beauty bereft of Wit, as if he had drunk of the River *Ces*, and like bewitching *Circes*, thou hast certainly transform'd him from a Man to an Ass. There be Stones in *Pontus*, quoth they, that the deeper they be laid in the Water, the fiercer they burn: unto the which fond Lovers may very fitly be compared, who the more they be deny'd, the hotter is their desire: but seeing it is so, that he can find no favour at your Hands, we will tell him what you have said, and either draw him from his Dumps, or leave him to his own will. Then spake one of the Weavers that dwelt in the Town, and was a Kinsman to this Maid, I muse (quoth he) that Master *Benedick* will not be perswaded, but like the Moth play with the Flame till he scorch his Wings. Methinks he should forbear to love, or learn to speak, or else woo such as can answer him in his own Language: for I tell you that *Jone* my Kinswoman is no taste for an *Italian*. These speeches were told to *Benedick* with no small addition. When our young Merchant heard the matter so plain, he vowed to be reveng'd on the Weaver, and to see if he could find any more friendship of his Wife: therefore dissembling his sorrow, and covering his grief, with speed he took his Journey to *Newbery*, and pleasantly saluted his Mistress *Jone*, and having his Purse full of Crowns, he was very liberal to the Work-folks, especially to *Jone's* Kinsman, insomuch that he got his favour many times to go forth with him, promising him very largely to do great matters, and to lend him a hundred pound, wishing him to be a Servant no longer: beside, he liberally bestow'd on his Wife many Gifts, and if she wash'd him but a Band, he would give her an Angel, if she did but send her Child for a Quart of Wine, he would give

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give him a Shilling for his pains. The which his curtesy changed the Weaver's Mind, saying, He was a veay honest Gentleman, and worthy to have one far better than his Kinswoman.

This pleased Mr. *Benedick* well to hear them say so; notwithstanding he made light of the matter, and many times when the Weaver was at his Master's at Work, the Merchant would be at home with his Wife, drinking and making merry. At length time bringing acquaintance, and often conference breeding familiarity, Mr. *Benedick* began somewhat boldly to jest with *Gillian*, saying, that her sweet countenance had quite reclaim'd his Love from *Jone*, and that she only was the Mistress of his Heart; and if she would lend him her love, he would give her Gold from *Arabia*, orient Pearls from *India*, and make her Bracelets of precious Diamonds. Thy Garments shall be of the finest Silk that is made in *Venice*, and thy Purse shall be still stufft with Angels. Tell me thy mind, my Love, and kill me not with unkindness, as did thy scornful kinswoman, whose disdain had almost cost me my Life. O Mr. *Benedick*, think not that the Wives of *England* can be won by rewards, or enticed with fair words, as Children are with Plums: it may be that you being merrily dispos'd, do speak this to try my Constancy. Know then, that I esteem more the honour of my good Name, than the illiding wealth of the World. Mr. *Benedick* hearing her say so, desir'd her, that considering it was Love that forc'd his Tongue to bewray his Heart's Affection, that yet she would be secret, and so for that time took his leave. When he was gone, the Woman began to call her wits together, and consider of her poor estate, and withal, better to note the comeliness of her Person, and the sweet favour of her Face: which when she had well thought upon, she began to harbour new thoughts, and to entertain contrary affections, saying, Shall I content my self to be wrapt in Sheeps-russet, that may swim in Silk, and sit all Day a Carding for a Groat, that may have Crowns at my command? No, quoth she, I will no more bear so base a mind, but take Fortune's favours while they are to be had. The sweet Rose doth flourish but one Month, nor Womens Beauty but in young Years: as the Winter's Frost consumes the Summer's Flowers, so doth Old-age banish pleasant delight. O glorious Gold, quoth she, how sweet is thy smell? how pleasing is thy sight? Thou subduest Princes, and overthrowest Kingdoms, then how should a silly Woman withstand thy strength? Thus she rested meditating on preferment, minding to hazard her Honesty to maintain her self in Bravery, even as Traders corrupt their Consciences to gather Riches.

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Within a Day or two, Master *Bennedick* came to her again, on whom she cast a smiling Countenance. He perceiving that (according to his old custom) sent for Wine, and very merry they were. At last, in the midst of their Cups, he cast out his former Question: and after further conference she yielded, and appointed a time when he should come to her: for which favour he gave her half a dozen of Portigues: within an hour or two after, entring into her own Conscience, thinking how sinfully she had sold her self to Folly, she began thus to expostulate: Good Lord, quoth she, shall I break that holy Vow which I made in Marriage, and pollute my Body which the Lord hath sanctified? Can I break the Commandments of my God, and not rest accursed? or be a Traytor to my Husband, and suffer no shame? I heard once my Brother read in a Book that *Bucephalus*, *Alexander's* Steed, being a Beast, would not be backt by any but the Emperor, and shall I consent to any but my Husband? *Artemesia*, being a heathen Lady, loved her Husband so well that she drunk up his Ashes, and buried him in her own Bowels: and should I being a Christian, cast my Husband out of my Heart? the Women of *Rome* were wont to crown their Husbands Heads with Bays, in token of Victory, and shall I give my Husband Horns in token of Infamy? An Harlot is hated of all vertuous People, and shall I make my self a Whore? O my God, forgive my Sin, quoth she, and cleanse my Heart from these wicked Imaginations. And as she was thus lamenting, her Husband came home. At whose sight her tears were doubled like a River, whose streams are increased by a shower of Rain. Her Husband seeing this, would needs know the cause of her sorrow: but a great while she would not tell him, casting many aspiteous look upon him, and shaking her Head, at last she said, O my dear Husband, I have offended against God and thee, and made such a Trespass by Tongue, as hath cut a deep scar in my Conscience, and wounded my Heart with grief, like a sword, like *Penelope* so have I been wooed, but like *Penelope* I have not answer'd: Why Woman, quoth he, what is the matter? If it be but the bare offence of the Tongue, why shouldst thou grieve, considering that Womens Tongues are like Lambs Tails, which seldom stand still: And the wise Man saith, Where much Talk is, must needs be some offence. Womens Beauties are fair Marks for wandring Eyes to shoot at: but as every Archer hits not the White, so every Vvooer wins not his Mistresse's Favour. All Cities that are besieged, are not sack't; nor all Vvomen to be mislik't that are loved. Vvhy Vvife I am perswaded thy Faith is more firm, and thy Constancy greater

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greater to withstand Lovers alarms, than any other but my self should obtain the fortress of thy Heart. O sweet Husband (quoth she) we see the strongest Tower at length falleth down by the Cannons force, though the Bullets be but Iron: than how can the weak Bulwark Woman's Breast make resistance, when hot Cannons of deep perswading words shot off with golden Bullets, and every one as big as a Portigue? If it be so Wife, I may think my self in very good case, and you to be a very honest Woman. As *Mars* and *Venus* danced naked together in a Net, so I doubt you and some Knave play'd naked together in a Bed: but in faith you Quean, I will send thee to salute thy Friends without a Nose, and as thou hast sold thy Honesty, so I will sell thy Company. Sweet Husband, though I have promised, I have perform'd nothing; every Bargain is not effected. And therefore as *Judas* brought again the thirty pieces of Silver, for the which he betrayed his Master: so repenting my Folly, I'll cast him again his Gold, for which I should have wrong'd my Husband. Tell me (quoth her Husband) what he is? It is Mr. *Benedick*, quoth she, which for my love hath left the love of our Kinswoman, and hath vowed himself forever to be my Servant. O dissembling *Italian*, quoth he, I will be reveng'd on him for this wrong. I know that any favour from *Jone* our Kinswoman, will make him run like a Man bitten with a mad Dog: therefore be ruled by me, and thou shalt see me fit him in his kind. The Woman was very well pleased, saying, he would be there that Night. All this works well with me, quoth her Husband, and to Supper I will invite *Jone* our Kinswoman, and in the mean space make up our Bed in the Parlor very decently. So the good Man went forth, and got a sleepy drench from the Apothecary's, the which he gave to a young Sow which he had in his Yard, and in the Evening laid her down in the Parlor drawing the Curtains round about, Supper-time being come, Mr. *Benedick* gave his attendance, looking for no other Company than the good Wife: Notwithstanding, at the last Mrs. *Jone* came in with her Kinswoman, and sat down to Supper with them. Mr. *Benedick* musing at the sudden approach, yet nevertheless glad of Mrs. *Jone*'s company, past Supper-time with many pleasant Conceits. *Jone* shewing her self that Night more pleasant in his company than at any time before: therefore he gave the good Man great thanks. Good Mr. *Benedick*, little do you think how I have travell'd in your behalf with my Kinswoman, as much ado I had to bring that peevish Wench into any good liking of your Love: notwithstanding, by my great diligence and perswasions, I did at length
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win her good-will to come hither, little thinking to find you here, or any such good Chear to entertain her, all which I see so fallen out for your profit. But trust me, all the World cannot alter her mind, nor turn her love from you: In regard whereof she hath promised me this Night to lye in my House, for the great desire she hath of your good Company: and in requital of your great courtesies shewed to me, I am very well content to bring you to Bed. Marry this you must consider, and so she bid me tell you, that you should come to Bed with as little noise as you could, and tumble nothing that you find, for fear of her best Gown and her Hat, which she will lay hard by her Bed's-side, next her best Partlet, and in so doing you may have company with her all Night, say nothing in any case till you be a Bed. O, quoth he, *Matre Jan, be Got Matre Jan, me will not spoil her Cloaths for towseand pound, ah me love Metresse Jone more than my Life.* Well, Supper being done, they rose from the Table, Mr. *Bennedick* imbracing *Mrs. Jone*, thankt her for her great courtesy and company, and then the good Man and he walkt into the Town, and *Jone* hied her home to her Master's, knowing nothing of the intended Jest. Mr. *Bennedick* thought every Hour twain till the Sun was down, and that he were a Bed with his Beloved. At last he had his wish, and home he came to his Friend's House. Then said *John*, Mr. *Bennedick*, you must not in any case have a Candle when you go into the Chamber, for then my Kinswoman will be very angry, and dark places fit best Lovers desires. O *Matre Jan*, quoth he, *'tis no such matter for light, me shall find Metre Jone well enough in the dark.* And entring in the Parlor, groping about he felt a Gown and Hat. O *Metre Jone* (quoth he) *here is your Gown and Hat, me shall no hurt for a towseand Pound.* Then kneeling down by the Bed's-side, instead of *Mrs. Jone*, he saluted the Sow in this sort. O my love, and my delight, it is thy fair Face that hath wounded my Heart, thy gray sparkling Eyes, and thy lilly-white Hands, with the comely proportion of thy pretty Body, that made me in seeking thee to forget my self, and to find thy favour lose my own freedom: but now is the time wherein I shall reap the fruits of a plentiful Harvest: Now, my Dear, from thy sweet Mouth let me suck the honey-balm of thy Breath, and with my Hands stroke those Rosy-cheeks of thine, wherein I have took such pleasure. Come with thy pretty Lips, and entertain me in thy Bed with one gentle kifs (why speak'st not my sweet-heart?) and stretch forth thy Alablaster Arms to enclose thy faithful Friend. Why should ill-pleasing sleep close up the chrystal windows of thy Body so fast, and bereave thee

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of thy fine graceful attendance, wherewith thou wert wont to salute thy Friend? Let it not offend thy gentle Ears that I thus talk to thee. If thou hast vowed not to speak, I will not break it: and if thou wilt command me to be silent, I will be dumb: but thou needest not fear to speak thy mind: seeing the cloudy Night concealeth every thing. By this time Mr. *Bennedick* was unready, and flipt into Bed, where the Sow lay swath'd in a Sheet, and her Head bound in a great Linnen-cloth. As soon as he was laid, he began to imbrace his new Bedfellow, and laying his Lips somewhat near her Snout, he felt her draw her Breath very short. *Why how now Love (quoth he) be you sick? Metressa Jone, your breath be very strong, have you no cak a Bed?* The Sow feeling her self disturb'd began to grunt and keep a great stir: whereat Mr. *Bennedick* (like a Mad-man) ran out of Bed crying, *De divel, de divel*, The good Man of the House (being purposely provided) came rushing with half a dozen of his Neighbours, asking, *VVhat was the matter? Poh met (quoth Bennedick) here be de great Diavel cry hob, hob, hob, be Gofin I tink de play the Knave wid me, and me will be reveng'd on de.* Sir, quoth he, I knowing you love Mutton, thought Pork not unfit, and therefore provided you a whole Sow; and as you like this entertainment, spend Portugues: *VValk, walk, Barkshire Maids will be no Italians Strumpets, nor the VVives of Newbery their Bawds, Barkshire Dog (quoth Bennedick) owl face, shack hang Dog and thy Vief, have it not be for my love to sweet Metressa Jone, I will no come in your bouz: but farewell till I cash you, I shall make your hogs nose bud.* The good Man and his Neighbours laughing aloud, away went Mr. *Bennedick*, and for very shame departed from *Newbery* before Day.

C H A P. VIII.

How Jack of Newbery keeping a very good House, both for his Servants and relief of the Poor, won great Credit thereby; and how one of his Wife's Gossips found fault therewith.

Good morrow Gossip, now by my truly I am glad to see you in health, I pray you how doth Mr. *Winchcomb*? *VVhat*, never a great Belly yet? now fy, by my fa your Husband is grown idle. Trust me Gossip, saith Mrs. *Winchcomb*, a great Belly comes sooner than a new Coat; but you must consider we have not been long Married: but truly Gossip you are welcome; I pray you sit down, and we will have a morsel of something by and by: nay truly Gossip I cannot stay, said she, indeed I must be gone, for I did but even step in to see how you

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you did. You wall not chuse but stay a while, quoth Mrs. *Winchcomb*, and with that a fair Napkin was laid upon a Table in the Parlor, hard by the Fire-side, whereon was set a fine cold Capon, with a great deal of other good Cheer; with Ale and VVine plenty: I pray you good Gossip eat, and I beshrew you if you spare, quoth the one; I thank you heartily, Gossip, said the other. But hear you Gossip, I pray you tell me; doth your Husband love you well, and make much of you? Yes truly, I thank God, quoth she: now by my truth, said the other, it were a shame for him if he should not: for though I say it before your Face, though he had little with you, yet you were worthy to be as good a Man's Wife as his. Trust me, I would not change my *John* for my Lord Marquess, quoth she, a Woman can be but well; for I live at Heart's ease, and have all things at my will, and truly he will not let me lack any thing. God's blessing on his Heart, quoth her Gossip, it is a good hearing: but I pray you tell me, I heard say your Husband is chosen for our Burgeiss in the Parliament-house, is it true? Yes verily, quoth his Wife, I wis it is against his will, for it will be no small Charges unto him. Tush Woman, what talk you of that, thanks be to God, there is never a Gentleman in all *Barkshire* that is better able to bear it. But hear you, Gossip, shall I be so bold to ask you a Question more? Yes, with all my heart, quoth she: I heard say that your Husband would now put you in your Hood and Silk-gown; I pray you is it true? Yes, in truth, quoth Mrs. *Winchcomb*, but far against my mind Gossip: my French-hood is bought already, and my Silk gown is a making: likewise the Goldsmith hath brought home my Chain and Bracelets: but I assure you, Gossip, if you will believe me, I had rather go an hundred Miles than wear them: for I shall be so ashamed, that I shall not look upon my Neighbours for blushing. And why, I pray you, quoth her Gossip? I tell you, dear Woman, you need not be any whit abashed, or blush at the matter, especially seeing your Husband's Estate is able to maintain it: now trust me, truly, I am of opinion, you will become it singular well. Alas, quoth Mrs. *Winchcomb*, having never been used to such Attire, I shall not know where I am nor how to behave my self in it: and beside, my Complexion is so black, that I shall carry but an ill-favour'd Countenance under a Hood. Now without doubt (quoth her Gossip) you are to blame to say so, beshrew my Heart if I speak it to flatter, you are a very fair and well-favoured young VVoman as any is in *Newbery*. And never fear your behaviour in your Hood, for I tell you true, as old and wither'd as I am my self, I could

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a Hood well enough, and behave my self as well in such attire as any other whatsoever, and I would not learn of never a one of them all: What, VVoman, I have been a pretty VVench in my days, and seen some fashions, therefore you need not fear, seeing both your Beauty and comely Personage deserves no less than a French hood: and be of good comfort, at the first (possibly) Folks will gaze something at you, but be not abashed for that; for it is better they should wonder at your good fortune, than lament at your misery: but when they have seen you two or three times in that attire, they will afterwards little mind it: for every new thing at the first seems rare, but a little used, it grows common. Surely Gossip, you say true (quoth she) and I am sure but a fool to be so bashful: it is no shame to use God's Gifts for our Credits: and well might my Husband think me unworthy to have them, if I would not wear them: and though I say it, my Hood is a fair one, as any Woman wears in the Country, and my Gold-chain and Bracelets are none of the worst sort, and I will shew them you, because you shall give your opinion upon them: therewith she stept into her Chamber and fetcht them forth. When her Gossip saw them, she said, now beshrew my Fingers, but these are fine ones indeed, and when do you mean to wear them, Gossip? At *Whitsontide* (quoth she) if God spare me Life. I wish that well you may wear them, said her Gossip; and I would I were worthy to be with you when you dress your self, it should be never the worse for you: I would order the matter so, that you should set every thing about you in such sort, as never a Gentlewoman of them all should stain you. Mrs. *Winchcomb* gave her great thanks for her favour, saying, that if she needed her help, she would be bold to send for her. Then began her Gossip to turn her Tongue to another tune, and now to blame her for her good House-keeping. And thus she began: Gossip, you are but a young Woman, and one that hath had but small experience of the World, in my opinion you are something too lavish in your Expences: pardon me, good Gossip, I speak but for good-will; and because I love you, I am the more bold to admonish you: I tell you plain, were I the Mistresse of such a House, having such large allowance as you have, I would save twenty pound a year that you spend to no purpose. Which way might that be, quoth Mrs. *Winchcomb*? Indeed I am but a green Houeswife, and one that hath had but a small tryal in the World, therefore I should be very glad to learn any thing that were for my Husband's profit and my commodity. Then listen to me, quoth she: you feed your Folks with the best of the Beef, and the finest of the Wheat,

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Wheat, which in my opinion is a great oversight. Neither do I hear of any Knight in this Country that doth it; and to say the truth, how were they able to bear that port which they do, if they saved it not by some means? Come thither, and I warrant you that you shall see but brown Bread on the Board: if it be Wheat and Rye mingled together, it is a great matter, and the Bread highly commended: but most commonly they eat Barley-bread, Rye mingled with Pease, and such like course Grain: which doubtless is but of small price, and there is no other Bread allow'd, except at their own Board. And in like manner for their Meat, it is well known that Necks and Points of Beef is their ordinary fare: which because it is commonly lean, they seeth therewith now and then a piece of Bacon or Pork, whereby they make their Potage fat, and therewith drive out the rest with more content. And thus must you do; and beside that, the Midribs of the Oxen, and the Cheeks, the Sheeps-heads, and the Gathers, which you give away at your Gate, might serve them well enough, which would be a great sparing to your other Meat, and by this means you would save in the Year much Money, whereby you might the better maintain your Hood and Silk-gown. Again, you serve your Folks with such superfluity, that they spoil in a manner as much as they eat: Believe me, were I the Dame, they should have things more sparingly, and then they would think it more dainty. *Trust me Gossip (quoth Mrs. Winchcomb) I know your words in many things to be true: for my Folks are so Corn-fed, that we have much ado to please them in their Dyet: one doth say, This is too fat, and twenty faults they will find at their Meals: I warrant you they make such parings of their Cheese, and keep such chip-ping of their Bread, that their very Ors would serve two or three honest Folks to their Dinner.* And from whence I pray you proceeds that (quoth her Gossip) but of too much plenty: but in faith were they my Servants, I would make them glad of the worst Crumbs they cast away, and thereupon I drink to you, and I thank you for my good Cheer with my Heart: Much good may it do you, good Gossip, quoth Mrs. Winchcomb, and I pray you when you come this way let us see you: That you shall verily, quoth she; and so away she went.

After this Mrs. Winchcomb took occasion to give her Folks shorter Commons, and courser Meat than they were wont to have: which at length being come to the good Man's Ear, he was very much offended therewith, saying, I will not have my People thus pinch'd of their Vi-tuals. Empty Platters make greedy Stomachs, and where scarcity is kept,

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kept, hunger is nourish'd; and therefore, Wife, as you love me, let me have no more of these doings, Husband (quoth she) I would they should have enough; but it is a sin to suffer, and shame to see the spoil they make: I could be very well content to give them their Bellies full, and that which is sufficient: but it grieves me, to tell you true, to see how coy they are, and the small care they have in wasting of things: and I assure you the whole Town crys shame of it, and it hath bred me no small discredit for looking no better to it. Trust me no more, if I was not checkt in my own house about the matter, when my Ears did burn to hear what was spoken. Who was it that checkt thee? I pray thee tell me, was it not your old Gossip, Dame Dainty, Mistress trip and go? I believe it was. Why Man, if it were she, you know she hath been an old House-keeper, and one that hath known the World, and that she told me was for good-will. VVife (quoth he) I would not have thee meddle with such light-brain'd Housewives, and so I have told thee a great many times, and I cannot get thee to leave her company. Leave her company? why, Husband, so long as she is an honest VVoman, why should I leave her company? she never gave me hurtful Counsel in all her life, but always hath been ready to tell me things for my profit, though you take it not so. Leave her company: I am no Girl, I would you should well know, to be taught what company I should keep: Alas, poor Soul, this reward she hath for her good-will; I wis, I wis, she is more your Friend than you are your own. VVell, let her be what she will, said her Husband, but if she come any more in my House, she were as good not, and therefore take this for a warning, I would advise you: and so away he went.

C H A P. IX.

How a Draper in London, who owed *Jack of Newbery* much Money, became Bankrupt, whom *Jack of Newbery* found carrying a Porter's Basket upon his Neck; and how he set him up again at his own cost: which Draper became an Alderman of London.

THere was one *Randal Pert* a Draper, dwelling in *Watling-street*, that owed *Jack of Newbery* five hundred pounds at one time, who in the end fell greatly to decay, insomuch that he was cast in Prison, and his VVife, with her poor Children turn'd out of doors. All his Creditors, except *Winchcomb*, had a share of his Goods, never releasing him out of Prison so long as he had one Penny to satisfy them. But when these tydings was brought to *Jack of Newbery's* Ear, his Friends counselled him to lay his Action against him. Nay, (quoth he) if he

be

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be not able to pay me when he is at liberty, he will never be able to pay me in Prison: and therefore it were as good for me to forbear my Morny without troubling him, as to add more trouble to his grieved Heart, and be never the near. Misery is trodden down by many, and once brought low, they are seldom or never reliev'd: therefore he shall rest for me untoucht, and I would to God he were clear of all other Mens Debts, so that I gave him mine to begin the VWorld again; thus lay the poor Draper a long time in Prison: in which space his Wife, which before for daintiness would not fool her Fingers, nor turn her Neck aside, for fear of hurting the set of her Neckinger, was glad to go about to wash Bucks at the *Thame's*-side, and to be a Chair-woman in rich Mens Houses: her soft Hand was now hardned with scouring, and instead of Gold-rings upon her lilly Fingers, they were now filled with chaps provok'd with the sharp Lie, and other Drudgeries. At last Mr. *Winchcomb*, being, as you heard, chosen against the Parliament, a Burgess for the Town of *Newbery*, and coming up to *London* for the same purpose, when he was alighted at his Inn, he left one of his Men there to get a Porter, to bring his Trunk up to the place of his Lodging, Poor *Randal Pert*, which lately before was come out of Prison, having no other means of maintenance, became a Porter to carry burthens from one place to another, having an old ragged Doubter, and a torn pair of Breeches, with his Hose out at the Heels, and a pair of old broken Slip-shoes on his Feet, a Rope about his Middle instead of a Girdle, and on his Head an old greasie Cap, which had so many holes in it, that his Hair stared through it: who as soon as he heard one call for a Porter, made answer strait, Here Master, what is that, you would have carry'd? Marry (quoth he) I would have this Trunk born to the *Spread-eagle* at *Ivy-bridge*. You shall, Master (quoth he) but what will you give me for my pains? I will give thee two-pence: For a penny more I will carry it, said the Porter: and so being agreed, away he went with his burthen till he came to the *Spread-eagle* Door, where on a sudden, espying Mr. *Winchcomb* standing he cast down the Trunk, and ran away as fast as ever he could. Mr. *Winchcomb* wondring what he meant thereby, caused his Man to run after him, and to fetch him again: but when he saw one pursue him, he ran the faster, and in running, here he lost one of his Slip-shoes, and there another, ever looking behind him, like a Man pursued with a deadly Weapon, fearing every twinkling of an eye to be thrust thorow. At length his Breeches being ty'd but with one Point, what with the haste he made, and the weakness

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weakness of the Thong, they fell about his Heels: which so shackled him, that down he fell in the Street all along, sweating and blowing, being quite worn out of breath: and so by this means the Serving-man overtook him, and taking him by the Sleeve, being as windless as the other, stood blowing and puffing a great while ere they could speak one to another. Sirrah, quoth the Serving-man, you must come to my Master, you have broken his Trunk all to pieces, by letting it fall. O for God's sake, quoth he, let me go; for Christ's sake let me go, or else Mr. *Winchcomb* of *Newbery* will arrest me, and then I am undone for ever. Now by this time *Jack* of *Newbery* had caus'd his Trunk to be carry'd into the House, and then he walk'd along to know what the matter was; but when he heard the Porter say that he would arrest him, he wondred greatly, and having quite forgot *Pert's* favour, being so greatly chang'd by Imprisonment and Poverty, he said, Wherefore should I arrest thee? tell me good Fellow: for my own part I know no reason for it, O Sir (quoth he) I would to God I knew none neither. Then asking him what his Name was the poor Man falling down on his Knees, said, Good Mr. *Winchcomb* bear with me, and cast me not in Prison, my Name is *Pert*, and I do not deny but I owe you five hundred pounds: yet for the love of God take pity upon me. When Mr. *Winchcomb* heard this, he wondred greatly at the Man, and did much pity his misery, though as yet he had not made it known, saying, *Passion on my Heart, Man, thou wilt never pay me this: never think by being a Porter to pay a five hundred pound Debt. But this hath your Prodigality brought you to, your thriftless neglecting of your benefits, that set more by your Pleasure than your Profit.* Then looking better upon him, he said, *What never a Shooe to thy Foot, Hose to thy Leg, Band to thy Neck, Cap to thy Head? O Pert, that is strange, but wilt thou be an honest Man, and give me a Bill of thy Hand for the Money? Yes, Sir, with all my Heart,* quoth *Pert*. Then come to the *Scrivener's* (quoth he) and dispatch it, and I will not trouble thee. Now when they were come thither with a great many following them at their Heels, Mr. *Winchcomb* said, *Hearest thou, Scrivener? this Fellow must give me a Bill of his Hand for five hundred pounds, I pray you make it as it should be.* The *Scrivener* looking upon the poor Man, and seeing him in that case, said to Mr. *Winchcomb*, Sir, you were better let it be a Bond, and have some Sureties bound with him. Why, *Scrivener*, (quoth he) dost thou think this is not a sufficient Man of himself to pay five hundred pounds? Truly Sir, said the *Scrivener*, if you think

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think so, you and I are of two minds. I tell thee what (quoth Mr. *Winchcomb*) were it not that we are all mortal, I would take his Word as soon as Bill or Bond: the Honesty of a Man is all. And we in *London* (quoth the Scrivener) do trust Bonds far better than Honesty. But, Sir, when must this Money be paid? Marry, Scrivener, when this Man is Sheriff of *London*. At that word the Scrivener, and the People standing by laugh'd heartily, saying, In truth Sir, make no more ado, but forgive him, as good do one as the other. Nay, believe me (quoth he) not so: therefore do as I bid you. Whereupon the Scrivener made the Bill to be paid when *Randal Pert* was Sheriff of *London*, and thereunto set his Hand for a Witness, and twenty Persons more that stood by set to their Hands likewise. Then he asked *Pert* what he would have for carrying his Trunk? Sir, said he, I should have three Pence, but seeing I find you so kind, I will take but two Pence at this time. Thanks good *Pert*, quoth he, but for thy three Pence there is three Shillings, and look thou come to me to morrow Morning betimes. The poor Man did so; at which time Mr. *Winchcomb* had provided him out of *Birchin-lane* a fair Suit of Apparel, Merchant like, with a fair black Cloak, and all other things fit to the same: then he took him a Shop in *Cannon-street*, and furnish'd the same with a Thousand Pounds worth of Cloth: by which means, and other Favours that Mr. *Winchcomb* did him, he grew again into great Credit, and in the end became so Wealthy, that while Mr. *Winchcomb* liv'd, he was chosen Sheriff, at what time he paid five hundred Pounds every Penny, and after dy'd an Alderman of the City.

C H A P. X.

How Jack of Newbery's Servants were reveng'd of their Dame's Tatling Companions.

UPon a time it came to pass, when Mr. *Winchcomb* was far from Home, and his Wife gone abroad, that Mistress many better, Dame tittle-tattle, Gossip Pint-pot, according to her old custom, came to Mr. *Winchcomb's* House, perfectly knowing of the good Man's absence, and little thinking the good Wife was from home, where knocking at the Gate, *Tweedle* stept out, and askt who was there? where hastily opening the Wicker, he suddenly discover'd the full proportion of this foul Beast, who demanded if his Mistress were within? What, Mistress *Frank* (quoth he) in faith welcome: how have you done a great while? I pray you come in. Nay, I cannot stay quoth she, Notwithstanding, I did call to speak a word or two with your Mistress; I pray

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you tell her that I am here. So I will (quoth he) so soon as she comes in. Then, said the Woman, *What is she abroad? Why, then farewel, good Tweedle.* Why, what haste, what haste Mrs. Frank (quoth he) I pray you stay and drink ere you go; I have a Cup of new Sack will do your old Belly no hurt. *What* (quoth she) *have you new Sack already? Now by my honesty, I've drank none this Year, and therefore I do not greatly care if I take a taste before I go:* And with that she went into the Wine-cellar with Tweedle, where first he set before her a piece of powder'd Beef as green as a Leak; and then going into the Kitchen, he brought her a piece of roasted Beef, hot from the Spit. Now certain of the Maidens of the House, and some of the young Men, who had long before determin'd to be reveng'd of this prating Huswife, came into the Cellar one after another, one of them bringing a piece of Gammon of Bacon in her Hand: and every one bid Mrs. Frank welcome: and first one drank to her, and then another, and so the third, the fourth, and the fifth: so that Mrs. Frank's Brains wax'd as mellow as a Pippin at Michaelmas, and so light, that sitting in the Celler she thought the World ran round. They seeing her to fall into merry Humours, whetted her on to merriment as much as they could, saying, *Mistrifs Frank, spare not, I pray you, but think your self as welcome as any Woman in Newbery, for we have cause to love you, because you love our Mistrifs so well.* Now I assure you (quoth she) lisping in her speech, her Tongue waxing somewhat to big for her Mouth. *I love your Mistrifs well indeed, as if she were my own Daughter.* Nay, but hear you, quoth they, she begins not to deal well with us now. *No my Lambs* (quoth she, *Why so?* Because (quoth they) she seeks to bar us of our allowance, telling our Master that he spends too much in House-keeping. *Nay then,* (quoth she) *your Mistrifs is an Ass, and a Fool; and though she go in her Hood, what care I? she is but a Girl to me; twittle twattle, I know what I know: Go to; drink to me.* Well Tweedle, I drink to thee with all my Heart: Why thou Whoreson, when wilt thou be marry'd? O that I were a young Wench for thy sake: but 'tis no matter, tho' I be but a poor Woman, I am a true Woman. Hang Dogs, I have dwelt in this Town these thirty Winters. Why then, quoth they, you have dwelt here longer than our Master? *Your Master,* quoth she, *I knew your Master a Boy, when he was called Jack of Newbery, I Jack I knew him called plain Jack: and your Mistrifs, and now she is rich and I am poor, but 'tis no matter, I knew her a draggle-tail Girl, mark ye? But now,* quoth they, she takes upon her lustily, and hath forgot what she

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she was. *Tush, what would you have of a green thing, quoth she? Here I drink to you, so long as she goes where she lists a Gossiping; and 'tis no matter, little said is soon amended: but hear you, my Masters, though Mrs. Winchcomb go in her Hood, I am as good as she, I care not who tell it her. I spend not my Husband's Mony in Cherries and Ceddings. Go to, go to, I know what I say well enough: I am sure I am not drunk. Mrs. Winchcomb, Mistriss: No, Nan Winchcomb, I will call her Name plain Nan. What, I was a Woman when she was (Sir-reverence) a paultry Girl, though she goes now in her Hood and Chain of Gold: What care I for her, I am her elder, and no more of her Tricks; nay I warrant you I know what I say; 'tis no matter, laugh at me and spare not, I am not drunk, I warrant.* And with that being scant able to hold open her Eyes, she began to nod and spill the Wine out of her Glass. which they perceiving, let her alone, going out of the Celler till she was found asleep, and in the mean space they devised how to finish this piece of Knavery. At last they consented to lay her forth at the back-side of the House, half a Mile off, even at the foot of a Stile, that whosoever came next over might find her: Notwithstanding, Tweedle stay'd hard by to see the end of this Action. At last came a notable Clown from Greneham, taking his way to Newbery, who coming hastily over the Stile, tumbled at the Woman, and fell clear over her: but in the ending starting up, and seeing it was a Woman, cry'd out, *Alas, alas! How now? What is the matter, quoth Tweedle? O, quoth he, here lies a dead Woman, A dead Woman, quoth Tweedle! that's not so, I trow: and with that he tumbled her about. Bones of me, quoth Tweedle, 'tis a drunken Woman, and one of the Town undoubted: surely it is great pity she should lie here. Why do you know her, quoth the Clown? No not I, quoth Tweedle: nevertheless, I will give thee half a Groat, and take her in thy Basket and carry her throughout the Town, and see if any Body know her. Then said the other, Let me see thy Money, and I will: for by the Mass she earn'd not half a Groat this great while. There it is, quoth Tweedle. Then the Fellow put her in his Basket, and so lifted her upon his Back. Now by the Mass she stinks vilely of Drink, or Wine, or something: but tell me, what shall I say when I come into the Town, quoth he? First, quoth Tweedle, I would have thee so soon as ever thou canst, go to the Town's-end, and with a lusty Voice, to cry, *O yes: and then say, Who knows this Woman, who?* and though possibly some will say, *I know her, and I know her;* yet do not thou set her down till thou comest to*

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the *Market-cross*, and there use the like words; and if any be so friendly to tell thee where she dwells, then just before her Door cry so again: and if thou perform this bravely, I will give thee half a Groat more. Mr. *Tweedle*, quoth he, I know you well enough, you dwell with Mr. *Winchcomb*, do you not? Well, if I do it not, in the nick, give me never a Penny: And so away he went till he came to the Town's-end, and there he cries out as boldly as any Bailiff's Man, *O yes, Who knows this Woman, who?* Then said the drunken Woman in the Basket, her Head falling first on one side, and then on the other side, *Who co me, who?* Then said he again, *Who knows this Woman, who? Who co me, who,* quoth she? and as oft as he spake the one, she spake the other: saying still, *Who co me, Who co me, who?* Whereat all the People in the Street fell into such a laughing, that the tears ran down again. At last one made answer, saying, Good Fellow, she dwells in the *North-brook-street* a little beyond Mr. *Winchcomb's*. The Fellow hearing that, goes down thither in all haste, and there in the hearing of a hundred People, cries, *Who knows this Woman, who?* Whereat her Husband comes out, saying, Marry that I do too well, God help me. Then said the Clown, If you know her, take her; for I know her not, but for a drunken Beast: and as her Husband took her out of the Basket, she gave him a sound Box on the Ear, saying, What you Queans, do you mock me? and so was carry'd in. But the next Day, when her Brains were quiet, and her Head cleared of these foggy Vapours, she was so ashamed of her self, that she went not forth of her Doors a long time after: and if any Body did say unto her, *Who co me, who?* she would be so mad and furious, that she would be ready to draw her Knife and to stick them, and scold as if she strove for the best game at the Ducking-stool. Moreover, her prating to Mrs. *Winchcomb's* Folks of their Mistresses made her on the other side to fall out with her in such sort, that she troubled them no more, either with her company or her counsel.

C H A P. XI.

How one of *Jack of Newbery's* Maidens became a Lady.

AT the winning of *Morleys* in France, the noble Earl of *Surrey*, being at that time Lord High Admiral of England, made many Knights: among the rest was Sir *George Rigley*, Brother to Sir *Edward Rigley*, and sundry other, whose Valors far surpass'd their Wealth: so that when Peace bred a scarcity in their Purse, and that their Credits grew weak in the City, they were forc'd to ride into the Country,

of *Jack of Newbery.*

try, where at their Friends Houses they might have favourable welcome, without Coin or grudging. Among the rest, *Jack of Newbery*, that kept a Table for all Commers, was never lightly without any such Guests, where they were sure to have both Welcome and good Cheer, and their Mirth no less pleasing than their Meat was plenty. Sir *George* having lien long at Board in this brave Yeoman's House, at length fell in liking of one of his Maidens, who was as fair as she was fond. This lusty Wench he so allur'd with hopes of Marriage, that at length she yielded him her Love, and therewithal bent her whole study to work his content: but in the end she so much contented him, that it wrought altogether her own discontent: to become high, she laid herself so low, that the Knight suddenly fell over her, which fall became the rising of her Belly: but when this Wanton perceiv'd her self to be with Child, she made her moan to the Knight, saying, Ah, Sir *George*, now is the time to perform your Promise, or to make me a spectacle of Infamy to the whole World for ever: in the one, you shall discharge the Duty of a true Knight; but in the other shew you self a most perjured Person: Small Honour will it be to boast in the spoil of poor Maidens, whose Innocency all good Knights ought to defend. Why, thou lewd paultry thing (quoth he) com'st thou to father thy Bastard upon me? Away ye dunghill Carrion, away: hear you good Hufwife, get you among your Companions, and lay your Litter where you list; but if you trouble me any more, trust me thou shalt dearly abide it: and so bending his Brows like the angry God of War, he went his ways, leaving the Child-breeding Wench to the hazard of her Fortune, either good or bad. This poor Maiden seeing her self for her kindness thus cast off, shed many tears of sorrow for her Sin, inveighing with many bitter Groans against the Inconstancy of Love-alluring Men. And in the end, when she saw no other remedy, she made her Case known unto her Mistresse, who after she had given her many Checks and Taunts, threatening to turn her out of Doors, open'd the matter to her Husband. So soon as he heard thereof, he made no more ado, but presently posted to London after Sir *George*, and found him at my Lord Admiral's. What, Mr. *Winchcomb*, quoth he, you are heartily welcome to London, and thank you for my good Cheer: I pray you how doth your good Wife, and all our Friends in *Barkshire*? All well and merry, I thank your good Sir *George*, quoth he: I left them in Health, and hope they do so continue, And trust me Sir, quoth he, having earnest occasion to come up to talk with a bad Debter, in my Journey it was my chance to
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light in company of a gallant Widow: a Gentlewoman she is of wondrous great Wealth, whom grivly Death bereft of a kind Husband, making her a VVidow ere she had been half a Year a VVife: her Land, Sir George is as well worth a hundred Pound a Year as one Penny, being as fair and comely a Creature as any of her degree in our whole Country. Now Sir, this is the worst; by the reason she doubts her self to be with Child, she hath vow'd not to Marry these Twelve Months: but because I wish you well, and the Gentlewoman no-hurt, I came on purpose from my Business to tell you thereof: Now Sir George, if you think her a fit VVife for you, ride to her, woo her, win her, and wed her. I thank you, good Mr. *Winchcomb*, quoth he, for your favour ever towards me, and gladly would I see this young Widow, if I wist where. She dwells not half a Mile from my House, quoth Mr. *Winchcomb*, and I can send for her at any time, if you please.

Sir George hearing this, thought it was not best to come there, fearing *Jone* would father a Child upon him; and therefore said, he had no leisure to come from my Lord: but, quoth he, would I might see her in *London*, on the condition it cost me twenty Nobles. Tuth, Sir George, quoth Mr. *Winchcomb*, delay in Love is dangerous, and he that will woo a Widow, must take Time by the Fore-lock, and suffer no other to step before him, lest he leap without the Widow's love. Notwithstanding, seeing now I have told you of it, I will take my Gelding and get me home, if I hear of her coming to *London*, I will send you word, or perhaps come my self: till when adieu Good Sir George. Thus parted Mr. *Winchcomb* from the Knight: and being come home, in short time he got a fair Taffety Gown, and a French Hood for his Maid, saying, Come ye Drab, I must be fain to cover a foul Fault with a fair Garment; yet all will not hide your great Belly: but if I find means to make you a Lady, what will you say then? O Master (quoth she!) I shall be bound while I live to pray for you. Come then Minion (quoth her Mistriss) and put on this Gown and French Hood; for seeing you have lien with a Knight, you must needs be a Gentlewoman. The Maid did so, and being thus attired, she was set on a fair Gelding, and a couple of Men sent with her up to *London*: and being well instructed by her Master and Dame what she should do, she took her Journey to the City in the Term-time, and lodged at the *Bell* in the *Strand*: and Mistriss *Loveless* must be her Name; for so her Master had warn'd her to call her self, neither did the Men that waited on her, know the contrary; for Mr. *Winchcomb* had

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had borrowed them of their Master, to wait upon a Friend of his to London, who could not spare any of his own Servants, at that time: notwithstanding they were appointed for the Gentlewoman's Credit, to say they were her own Men. This being done, Mr. *Winchcomb* sent Sir *George* a Letter, That the Gentlewoman which he told him of, was now in London, lying at the *Bell* in the *Strand*, having great Business at the Term. With which news Sir *George's* Heart was on fire till such time as he might speak with her: three or four times went he thither, and still she would not be spoken withal: the which close keeping her self, made him the more earnest in his Suit. At length he watcht her so narrowly, that finding her going forth in an Evening, he followed her, she having one Man before, and another behind, carrying a very stately gate in the Street, it drove him to the greater liking of her, being the more urged to utter his Mind. And suddenly stepping before her, he thus saluted her: Gentlewoman, God save you, I have often been at your Lodging, and could never find you at leisure. Why Sir, quoth she, (counterfeiting her natural speech) have you any business with me? Yes, fair Widow, quoth he, as you are a Client to the Law, so am I a Suitor for your Love: and may I find you so favourable to let me plead my own Cause at the Bar of your Beauty, I doubt not but to unfold so true a Case, as I trust will cause you to give Sentence on my side. You are a merry Gentleman, quoth she, but for my own part I know you not; nevertheless, in Case of Love, I will be no let to your Suit, though perhaps I help you but little therein. And therefore Sir, if it please you to give attendance at my Lodging upon my return from the *Temple*, you shall know more of my Mind: and so they parted. Sir *George* receiving hereby some hope of good hap, stay'd for his Dear at her Lodging-door: whom at her coming home she friendly greeted, saying, Surely, Sir, your diligence is more than the profit you shall gain thereby: but I pray you how shall I call your Name? *George Rigley* (quoth he) I am called, and for some small deserts I was Knighted in *France*. Why then, Sir *George* (quoth she) I have done you too much wrong to make you thus dance attendance on my worthless Person. But let me be so bold to request you to tell me, how you came to know me: for my own part, I cannot remember that ever I saw you before. Mistress *Loveless* (said Sir *George*) I am well acquainted with a good Neighbour of yours, called Mr. *Winchcomb*, who is my very good Friend, and to say the truth, you were commended unto me by him. Truly
Sir

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Sir George, said she, you are so much the better welcome: Nevertheless, I have made a Vow not to love any Man for this twelve Months space, and therefore Sir, till then I would wish you to trouble your self no further in this matter, till that time be expired; and then if I find you be not intangled to any other, and that by tryal I find out the truth of your Love, for Master *Winchcomb's* sake, your welcome shall be as good as any other Gentleman's whatsoever.

Sir *George* having received this answer, was wondrous woe, cursing the Day that ever he medled with *Jone*, whose time of deliverance would come long before a Twelve-month was expired, to his utter shame, and overthrow of his good Fortune: for by that means should he have Mr. *Winchcomb* his Enemy, and therewithal the loss of this fair Gentlewoman. Wherefore to prevent this mischief, he sent a Letter in all haste to Mr. *Winchcomb*, requesting him most earnestly to come up to London, by whose perswasion he hoped straight to finish the Marriage. Mr. *Winchcomb* fulfilled his request: and then presently was the Marriage solemniz'd in the Tower of London, in presence of many Gentlemen of Sir *George's* Friends. But when he found it was *Jone* whom he had gotten with Child, he fretted and fum'd, stamp't and star'd like a Devil. Why (quoth Mr. *Winchcomb*) what needs all this? Came you to my Table to make my Maid your Scrum-pet? had you no Man's House to dishonour but mine? Sir, I would you should well know, that I account the poorest Wench in my House to good to be your Whore, were you ten Knights: and seeing you took pleasure in making her your Wanton, take it no scorn to make her your Wife: and use her well too, or you shall hear of it. And hold thee *Jone* (quoth he) there is a Hundred Pounds for thee: and let him not say that thou comest to him a Beggar. Sir *George* seeing this, and withal casting in his Mind what a Friend Mr. *Winchcomb* might be to him, taking his Wife by the Hand, gave her a loving Kiss, and Mr. *Winchcomb* great thanks. Whereupon he willed him for two Years space to take his Diet and his Lady's at his House: which the Knight accepting, rode straight with his Wife to *Neabery*. Then did the Midwifrs make courtesy to her Maid, saying, You are welcome, Madam, giving her the upper-hand in all places. And thus they lived afterward in great Joy: and our King hearing how *Jack* had Match't Sir *George*, laughing heartily thereat, gave him a Living for ever, the better to maintain the Lady his Wife.

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